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A Ride 200 People Will Never Forget

The Battle Went On in the Eerie Light From the Locomotive's Firebox Until the Fireman Bashed the Mad Engineer Over the Head with His Shovel.

AS THE Bath-Salisbury express roared through the English countryside one night recently, the passengers in the swaying compartments looked anxiously at one another. The train was careening down the rails at an obviously dangerous speed.

Those who were to get off at Bathampton—the next scheduled stop—had to brace themselves against the sides of the lurching coaches as they stood up to lift their baggage down off the racks.

Reaching the station, the train thundered past without slackening speed. An ashen-faced conductor, ignoring the questions hurled at him by the alarmed passengers, hurried through the cars toward the engine.

Faster and faster went the Express. On one curve it felt as though the cars would leave the tracks. Suitcases and bags came tumbling into the aisles. Women and children, who made up most of the 200 passengers, screamed.

Meanwhile, up and down the line, signal boxes blinked their red warnings. Frantic messages shot back and forth between stations, carrying the amazing news that the crack Express was running wild. The track all the way to Salisbury was being cleared.

The conductor, who had to make his way through three crate-filled baggage cars, finally reached the coal-tender. What he saw in the swaying engine's cab made his blood run cold.

The engineer, Herbert Hawkins, and the fireman, Len Bailey, were battling furiously. Blood streamed down the faces of both men. The roaring blaze in the open firebox threw an eerie red light onto the panting fighters.

As the rushing wind tore the conductor's angry shouts from his lips, Bailey broke away from Hawkins, quickly reached for a shovel, and bashed him over the head. The engineer slumped to the footplate. In a flash the fireman made a grab for the open throttle and slowly eased it shut.

By the time the conductor could scramble over the coal, and reach the cab, the Express was slowing down. With his grimy sleeve, Bailey wiped perspiration and blood from his brow. Breathing heavily from the mad struggle, he jerkily told the conductor his story:

"Hawkins went plumb crazy. Just outside of Bath he let out a yell. Then he pulled the throttle all the way down. When I tried to stop him he booted me one in the stomach. Guess you saw the rest."

The conductor leaned out of the cab window. "Limpley Stoke station is ahead," he said. "You better pull up there, Len."

Bailey nodded, then looked down at Hawkins, sprawled on the floor. "Better tie him up," the fireman said. "I don't want to go through that again when he comes to."

The train finally ground to a stop and the strangest, wildest run in all British railroading was over.

Hawkins was rushed to a hospital. Examination showed that he was not demented. Ill when he boarded the train, the engineer had run up an extremely high fever which, according to the physicians, caused his temporary derangement. Informed of what he had done, he was amazed.

"I have no recollection of what happened at all," Hawkins related. "The last thing I remember is boarding the train at Bath. The next thing I knew I came to in the hospital."

When the Blind Man Finally Saw His Wife He Was Amazed That She Looked Exactly as His Imagination Pictured Her.

Lived with His Wife Two Years before He Saw Her

ODD as it may seem, Valter Persson, a business man of Fredriksberg, Sweden, never saw his wife until two years after he married her. This queer circumstance was brought about when the 33-year-old Scandinavian—totally blind for 27 years—suddenly, and miraculously, recovered his sight.

Persson, sightless since he was a youngster of six, was married in 1942. A few weeks ago his vision was completely restored.

Asked how it felt to see his wife for the first time, he joyfully told Stockholm newspaper reporters that she looked exactly as he had imagined her to be.

"It's hard to explain one's reactions," he said. "Although I felt I knew my wife as completely as anyone could, I must admit that I often wondered exactly how she looked. Not being able to see her, I tried conjuring up a picture of her in my mind. It was a pleasant surprise to find that my mental conception of her was exactly the way she really looked."

Persson's queer case was similar to that of Frank J. Kubiak of Detroit, Michigan, who, after being blind for eight years as the result of an industrial accident, saw his seven-year-old daughter, Jeanette, for the first time. He, too, found his daughter to be exactly as he had pictured her in his mind. Even her smile seemed a familiar sight.

Kubiak's sight was restored when he tripped over a curbstone and fell on a sidewalk. His lucky tumble accomplished in one second what skilled surgeons had failed to do in five operations. After he excitedly told his wife of his recovery, he anxiously watched for his little girl to put in an appearance.

"I just sat home all afternoon, waiting for her to return from school," he related. "Then, at about 4:30, she came in. I knew it was Jeannette the minute I saw her."

So overjoyed was the Detroit man's wife, Clara, at her husband's miraculous recovery that she cried for three days.

He Shot Hitler Three Times

DOWN in Rio de Janeiro the other day, a man did what millions of persons have often dreamed of doing. He shot Hitler. Unfortunately it did no good—and only got the well-meaning, would-be assassin into a peck of trouble with the police.

It all happened in a Rio movie house. While the picture "We Refuse to Die"—the story of Nazi mass murder at Lidice—was being shown, one man in the audience got so excited that he stood up on his seat and began banging away with a pistol at a cinema image of Der Fuehrer, forgetting completely where he was.

He fired three bullets through the screen before other startled patrons were able to drag him back into his seat and calm him down. A passing policeman who heard the commotion barged into the theatre and bundled the man off to headquarters.

"I was getting madder and madder all the time the movie was being shown," the accused man explained to the magistrate. "And when Hitler's picture appeared, I was so beside myself that I whipped out my gun and let the dirty rat have it."

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have *Lovelier Skin in 14 Days!*

14-DAY PALMOLIVE PLAN TESTED ON 1285 WOMEN WITH ALL TYPES OF SKIN

READ THIS TRUE STORY of what the Proved 14-Day Palmolive Plan did for Mrs. Arthur Mabel Philadelphia, Pa.

"My complexion had lost its soft, smooth look. So I said 'yes' quick when I was invited to try the new 14-Day Palmolive Plan—along with 1284 other women all over the U.S.A.! My group reported to a Philadelphia skin doctor. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some average. After a careful examination, we were given the Palmolive Plan to use *at home* for 14 days.

"Here's the proved Palmolive Plan: Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then—each time—massage your clean face with that lovely, soft Palmolive beauty-lather . . . just like a cream. Do this for a *full* 60 seconds. This massage extracts the full beautifying effect from Palmolive lather for your skin. Then rinse and dry. That's all!

"After 14 days, I went back to my doctor. He confirmed what my mirror told me. My skin was smoother, clearer, less dry! Later I learned *many* skin improvements had been observed by all the 36 examining doctors. Actually 2 out of 3 of all the 1285 women got see-able, feel-able results. So the 14-Day Palmolive Plan is now my beauty plan for life!"

YOU, TOO, CAN LOOK FOR THESE BEAUTY RESULTS **IN ONLY 14 DAYS!**

• Brighter, cleaner skin • Finer texture • Better tone
• Fewer blemishes • Less dryness • Less oiliness
• Smoother skin • Fresher, clearer color

(*This list is from the reports of the 36 examining doctors!*)

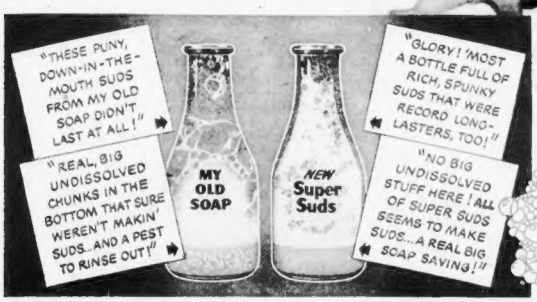
NO OTHER SOAP OFFERS PROOF OF SUCH RESULTS!

"Stubborn dirt is just an easy mark for Super Suds'

EXTRA SUDS!"

"With small children to wash for, MORE SUDS and LONGER-LASTIN' SUDS make all the difference," says Mrs. Lillian Scully

"DENNIS and Patricia are just the age when I have to change their clothes several times a day to keep 'em lookin' respectable. You wouldn't think there *were* as many different kinds of dirt as they seem to pick up! But they haven't found the dirt yet that could stop Super Suds' EXTRA SUDS! I call it the luckiest day of my life when I learned about THOSE HARD-WORKIN' SUDS! Dirt gives in with less rubbin' than I'd have believed before I tried Super Suds!"


"THESE PUNY, DOWN-IN-THE-MOUTH SUDS FROM MY OLD SOAP DIDN'T LAST AT ALL!"
"REAL, BIG UNDISSOLVED CHUNKS IN THE BOTTOM THAT SURE WEREN'T MAKIN' SUDS...AND A PEST TO RINSE OUT!"
MY OLD SOAP
NEW Super Suds
"GLORY! 'MOST A BOTTLE FULL OF RICH, SPUNKY SUDS THAT WERE RECORD LONG-LASTERS, TOO!"
"NO BIG UNDISSOLVED STUFF HERE! ALL OF SUPER SUDS SEEMS TO MAKE SUDS...A REAL BIG SOAP SAVING!"

Make the easy "milk-bottle suds test." Shake up a teaspoon of your old wash-day soap and a glass of water—even hard or cool water—in a milk-bottle. Then do the same with new, sudsier Super Suds in another milk-bottle. See if you don't get more suds, longer-lasting suds, from Super Suds.

FLOODS O' SUDS FOR DISHES AND DUDS

★ **DON'T WASTE SOAP!** ★ Vital war materials are used in making soap

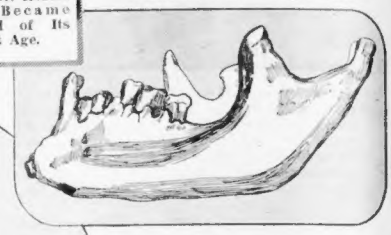
MISSING: a $1,000,000 Jaw Bone

Today the Priceless Foxhall Jaw (Below, As Sketched by Dr. Collyer) Is Believed Lost in Some American Attic—Maybe Yours.

In 1867 Dr. Robert Collyer Became Convinced of Its Great Age.

A Foxhall Druggist Bought It for a Window Display.

The British Workmen Who Unearthed the Jaw Traded It for a Spot of Beer.



Even at That the Price Is Cheap, For the Fossil Science Has Been Looking For These 89 Years Might Solve the Riddle of Man's Prehistoric Past

By DR. HAROLD O. WHITNALL
Professor of Geology, Colgate University

SOMEWHERE in America, in some attic, an old trunk, or a junk pile, may be the world's most precious jaw bone—evidence that man's antiquity goes back a million years into the dim, mysterious past.

Some estimates would put a price tag of $1,000,000 on this lost piece of fossilized bone, which ought not to be too great a price to pay for this knowledge of man's ancient, prehistoric past.

The strange tale of the jaw bone goes back 89 years to 1855, when workers in the sand and clay pits at Foxhall, near Ipswich, England, found a strange looking but human lower jaw at the depth of 16 feet below the surface.

To the workmen the jaw was only a curiosity and they swapped it to the barkeep at the local "pub" for a spot of beer. A few days later the local Foxhall druggist, stopping by for "a small one," saw it on the bar and bought it for two shilling, six pence.

Reconstructions of the 500,000-Year-Old Java Monkey-Man, Once Believed Earth's Earliest Sub-Human Inhabitant.

The druggist used it for a couple of weeks in his window as a consumer "come on" and then gave it to the Lord of the Manor of Ipswich. And the Ipswichian passed it on to his friend, Dr. Robert H. Collyer, an American physician practicing in the neighborhood.

While a physician, Dr. Collyer had the hobby of collecting prehistoric flint arrowheads and other implements and, when he could get them, the bones of extinct animals.

So intrigued was Dr. Collyer with his new possession, its massive bone, large teeth and anatomical peculiarities and the story of its strange discovery that he made a sketch of it and sent it with an article for the Anthropological Review which published it in 1867.

Dr. Collyer claimed the jaw was that of a very ancient man. Its odd shape, its great weight due to infiltration of iron oxide through its long burial, the metallic luster caused by extreme age . . . all these convinced Dr. Collyer that he had a real prehistoric find in his possession.

But the world missed not a breath over his scientific report. In fact, whatever comment there was, it all scoffed and ridiculed the find.

Collyer got into a heated controversy with England's leading anthropological experts. Finally he became so irate he gave up his medical practice and came back to America in a huff. With him came the Foxhall jaw.

There matters rested until 1920, when the eminent British prehistorian, J. Reid Moir, came across Collyer's article of 1867, which had been forgotten long ago by most of the world's scientists.

Of a different, later generation, Moir was not enmeshed in the personality controversy of the former period and recognized merit when he saw it.

Moir rushed to Foxhall's sand and clay pits and had workmen dig down again to the old 16-foot level in the hope that by some miracle the rest of the Foxhall skeleton could be found.

The skeleton was not found but Moir discovered abundant evidence that prehistoric man had once lived there in the Pleiocene Age, when the sands and clays 16 feet underground were the beaches of some ancient sea.

Flint instruments, stones cracked by fire, even remains of charcoal hearths on which no fire had been lighted for a million years...all these Moir found, and more.

For the first time here was definite proof that man had lived in this ancient past—an antiquity pushed back twice as remote as anything previously known from discoveries of Java Man, Neanderthal Man, Peking Man and the Heidelberg Man.

All that was lacking to clinch the case was the missing jaw bone previously taken from this same site. Moir, like Dr. Collyer so many years before, was convinced that this Dawn man of Foxhall made other world-famed discoveries look like Johnny-come-Latelies in the scheme of man's progress up the scale of civilization.

So, for the purposes of science the Foxhall jaw assumed tremendous importance.

Angry, mad, irate, chagrined, despondent and secretive, Dr. Collyer had told no one in England where he was going when he left there in disgust to return to America. With him had vanished the missing Foxhall jaw bone. All that was known about him was that Dr. Robert Hanham Collyer had been graduated from the long defunct Berkshire Medical College at Pittsfield, Mass., in the year 1839.

For years, Anthropologist Moir placed notices in newspapers and scientific journals seeking the descendants of Dr. Collyer.

But down through the years since then there has been no response from any quarter and no trace of the missing Foxhall jaw has ever been found.

It seems most unlikely that Dr. Collyer would toss the jaw bone out the window in a fit of exasperation. To Collyer that jaw was the most important thing in his life. His faith in its antiquity had broken the thread of his life, routed him out of a pleasant and comfortable medical practice in England and sent him back to the shores of his homeland to start afresh in life at the age of about 55 or 60 years, when most doctors want to retire.

It is almost inconceivable that Dr. Collyer, somewhere among his papers, did not leave detailed instructions to his relatives on the care and preservation of the Foxhall jaw.

Even now this ancient skeletal relic, virtually priceless to science in fathoming man's nebulous past, may be resting as a mere curio on some shelf, or lie buried in some half-forgotten trunk in the attic of its owner.

Somewhere and somehow the missing 1,000,000-year-old, $1,000,000 jaw bone may come to light.

No one knows, of course, but perhaps the current wartime salvage drives will turn up the vanished Foxhall jaw and return it to the welcoming arms of science.

It would be a great day for the vindicated Dr. Collyer, for the alert J. Reid Moir, and greatest of all for the anthropologists of the world.

Love Hazard on the High Wire

During Their Hazardous Crossing Four Lives Depend on Timing and "Sighting" the Eyes of the Motionless Girl on the Platform.

A Tense Moment of Heartache and the Tears in the Eyes of the Strong Man of the Wallendas' Circus Troupe Nearly Brought Tragedy to Them All—So His Ex-Wife Left the Act

By GERALD DUNCAN

IT was the biggest show of the Big Top—under the roof of Madison Square Garden, New York City. The moment was the biggest act.

The ringmaster's voice died away: "...most hazardous, death-defying performance in history." The circus band blared dramatically.

The eyes of 16,000 men, women and children were fixed on the high wire—65 feet above the sawdust of the rings.

Two Wallendas pedaled from a platform close to the steel rafters of the great Garden. Their objective was a platform 58 feet across the little strand of wire. They were to attain it on two bicycles, balancing two other Wallendas on a pole between.

Joe led off on the first bicycle. Herman was on the second, six feet away. A special harness strapped the pole to the shoulders of each so that one couldn't move without the other. Carl sat on a chair teetering on the pole. Helene, Carl's wife, perched on his shoulders.

Carla, Daughter of Carl Wallenda, Begins Her High Wire Training Early, Like All Good Aerialists.

Lee, Herman's ex-wife, stood on the far platform. She was the "sight"—her eyes the object upon which the four on the high wire riveted to maintain their equilibrium on the perilous crossing. The first error of one would be the last for all.

The supreme minute of the performance was at hand. The music stopped. The cyclists froze midway on the wire. Carl stood on the chair balanced on the pole. Helene stood on his shoulders.

Below was the sawdust. All that kept them from tumbling there were timing and balance. It was done by count as they focused on Lee.

Herman looked at Lee. A mist curtained his eyes . . .

She was only 16 when he met her ten years before, just half his age then. It was in far-away Hungary.

She was beautiful, and his heart stood still.

Three days afterward he left for the United States to fulfill circus engagements. But they didn't forget.

For three years they wrote constantly to each other—"Liebchen, Liebchen . . ."

In 1937 she came to the United States. They were married ten days afterward.

They were very much in love and happy, so happy they skipped in the clouds.

And then something happened.

While Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's was in winter quarters at Sarasota, Fla., Lee sued for divorce. Herman didn't enter a contest. So everybody thought, of course, there was mutual agreement that the time had come for bundling up their love in lavender and old lace and storing it in their memory chest.

The decree was granted last Jan. 13. Was the date an omen?

"Our ideas and general outlook on life differ completely," Lee said. "Herman prefers to stay home and do nothing. I want to have fun and live before I lose my youth."

Herman didn't say anything.

But who knows what goes on in the head of a man? Who knows what he keeps to himself? Who knows what he is yearning to say, yet dares not? The lips thirst, the arms ache, the eyes search—all for one. And the love he pines for isn't there.

Sure, Herman was a good trouper.

Herman Wallenda (Above) Kept His Emotions in Check Until That Near Fatal Moment When His Eyes Misted as He Gamely Tried to Keep Them Focused on Lee (Left), the Wife He Had Loved and Lost.

He rehearsed all winter. The act had to keep at perfection for the Garden opening. It was—because he kept his gaze fastened on Lee as the bicycles wheeled over the wire in the winter quarters—because he counted in cadence.

It was always the same. Joe and Herman started counting when the band began playing again. That was the signal that the high spot was complete, that Helene was easing to a sitting position on Carl's shoulders. At the count of 15 they pedaled forward toward the platform and Lee.

Herman was ready when the circus opened in the Garden in April. He took his heart off his sleeve.

The first night went fine. The two shows the next day and the next and the next—all without incident.

They were at the eighteenth performance. Herman was looking at the "sight"—at Lee. The mist filmed his eyes. His heart fluttered.

Joe was counting—"One, two..."

The band was playing. The 16,000 men, women and children were cheering and applauding.

Joe counted on: "...thirteen, fourteen, fifteen."

Joe pressed the left pedal for the forward motion to Lee.

There was no motion.

Herman swayed. He couldn't see his "sight" through his glazed eyes.

"Liebchen . . ."

The cycles trembled on the high wire—65 feet up.

"Herman!" cried Carl.

The sound of his name broke the spell. They moved to the platform and safety. The audience never suspected the nearness of tragedy.

Right afterward, in the privacy of the dressing room, there was a family council. Lee was taken out of the act as a threat to the safety of the troupe. Henrietta, wife of a Wallenda now in the Navy, took her place.

Said Lee: "It was only when all my feeling for him was gone that he tried to make me realize that he loved me. It was too late then."

Almost too late for four of them.

LEGIONS OF LARCENY

By MICKEY MAC DOUGALL

No. 1—Wartime Cheaters

WARS may come and wars may go, but rackets go on forever. Peacetime swindles are given a military dress; ancient con games are modernized; new ones invented.

Despite the fact the nation is engaged in a struggle for survival, demanding the utmost effort of all of us, untold thousands of small-time chiselers still eke out a more or less precarious livelihood by cheating their fellowman.

To make matters worse, the special target of this sharp-shooting gentry is the serviceman. Secondary objectives are the soldiers' families and the defense workers.

At this moment the police of several eastern states are looking for a score or so of young girls who are working an exceedingly clever racket. Here is the plot:

Mrs. Jones is doing her daily chores with heavy heart. Her only son, Carl, Jr., has been inducted, and left for training camp just a few hours previously. The doorbell rings.

A gum-chewing damsel, cap perched precariously on her head, shoves a book at Mrs. Jones, and impersonally demands: "Sign here." Obediently, Mrs. Jones scribbles her signature, then extends her hand for the package the girl is holding.

"Five dollars and thirty cents due," says the messenger, tearing out a duplicate receipt and handing it over for inspection. The packet is addressed to Carl Jones, Jr., and the receipt shows that Carl has paid $10 down on a fountain pen and pencil set and ordered the goods sent c.o.d. for the balance. A guarantee coupon explains that the pen is the best made—retail price—$15.

Invariably, Mrs. Jones gets the required amount and pays the messenger, meantime thinking to herself that Carl had been so excited about going into the Army that he had forgotten to mention his purchase. For years Mrs. Jones has associated the name of the pen as a mark of quality, so she accepts the goods at face value. In reality, the pen and pencil set is the kind that sells in cheap novelty stores for a half-dollar. Not until Carl returns to his home some time later on his first furlough is the swindle discovered.

The swindler who operates this despicable gyp evidently keeps a close watch on all inductions, and knew when Carl was due to go almost as soon as he did. In the case of a girl who has joined the Wacs or Waves the swindler delivers a box of expensive-looking perfume.

Needless to say, the messenger cap is only a prop to give the messenger an authentic appearance. The girls may have worked for the company at one time, but it is so easy to steal a cap that it is doubtful if the thieves ever went to the trouble of actually working even for a day.

Confidence games whereby cheap merchandise is sold for many times its value are many and varied. No one could possibly learn all the rackets, as new ones are continually appearing. How then can the honest citizen be assured of protection from this type of swindler? The answer is simple.

All "dreck peddlers" label their merchandise with trade names which are well known in other fields. For instance, a widely-known automobile name may be applied to a typewriter, or a watch; or perfumes may be named for a famous brand of watch. Remember this one fact and, no matter how suave the sharpshooter, you won't be bilked. At least, not very often.

The foregoing bit of chicanery is one of the stand-bys of the swindling profession and has been perfected throughout the years. In peacetime it was known as the "Dead Man's Drop" and the victims were recently-bereaved widows.

Michael "Mickey" MacDougall, Nemesis of Card Sharps, Petty Crooks and Racketeers.

With Plenty of Nerve and a Stolen Messenger Cap, Pretty Girls Working the C.O.D. Racket Have Deceived Many an Anxious Mother Into Paying Good Money for Bad Merchandise Which Her Newly-Inducted Son Never Ordered.

Many of the war-time gyp games have been invented on the spur of the moment. One such innovation sent a West Coast liquor dealer to prison for a six months' term.

Frank Cradams had built up a flourishing trade delivering standard brands of whisky and gin to the various Army camps which dot Southern California. Came the holiday season and Cradams had more business than he could handle.

So many people wished to send bottled sunshine as a Christmas gift to friends and relatives in the services that there was no possibility of the dealer's getting anywhere near enough wet goods to supply the demand.

He couldn't see the sense in returning money which had already been collected, so the larcenous Cradams evolved a little stunt which would enable him to have his cake and eat it too. He purchased a quantity of second hand bottles, poured a glass full of gin or whisky into each, and applied appropriate labels. Then the partially-filled bottle was

Mickey MacDougall, Famous "Card Detective," Exposes the War's Menacing Crop of Swindles and Gyps, and Tells How to Recognize and Avoid the Hordes of Crafty Chiselers Out to Clip Your Bankroll

carefully packed, wrapped in extra-fancy paper, and tied with holiday cord. After which Cradams took a wooden hammer and tapped the gift box until he heard the tinkle of breaking glass.

When the soldier got the package, reeking of alcohol, he would unwrap it with dire forebodings. Most of the disappointed recipients would ascribe the seeming accident to tough luck and let it go at that.

A small percentage would complain to Frank Cradams. Had the chiseler taken care of the few complaints, he would still be a free man. But, like all gyp artists, Cradams was greedy. He refused to accept responsibility for the breakage, and some of the victims complained to the authorities. An investigation uncovered the racket, and now the would-be smart guy is breaking rocks instead of glass.

The delivery of phony gift packages by private messenger is a racket which is well nigh universal. At one time the sharpshooters used the mails almost exclusively, but Uncle Samuel has cracked down. Nowadays, cases of mail fraud are few and far between, but they haven't vanished altogether.

As witness the case of two gentlemen of Manhattan. One William Ellison went into partnership with Irving Rubenfeld—alias Robert L. Rich. They formed the United States Package Service Company. According to their sales talk, the company would mail gift packages to soldiers overseas, at a price which defied competition.

The gift box shown to prospective customers contained a carton of cigarettes, a complete toilet kit and several other useful articles. The price quoted was less than the goods could be bought for wholesale. Naturally, such a bargain was quickly snapped up. Business wasn't just booming—it was zooming.

One of the firm's customers was a garment worker's union which ordered hundreds of the gift packages sent to members in the services. The fraud was discovered through "thank you" letters received by the union.

These letters furnished the clue as to how the packets could be sold so cheaply. Instead of a carton of cigarettes, there was a single pack. A large tube of shaving cream had shrunk to sample size. All the other articles had been reduced in proportion.

The two get-rich-quick promoters are now behind bars. Which doesn't mean the racket has been abolished. There are plenty of other swindlers hoaxing the public with similar deceptions.

Modern Variation of the "Gold Brick" Swindle—This Service Gift Box Looks Like a Good Buy at $1.49 Until Removal of the Mass of Concealed Stuffing Reveals Its Meager Contents, Worth Only a Fraction of the Price Asked of Relatives and Friends Eager to Send Something Nice to the Boys in Camp or Overseas.

A Favorite Gyp Stunt of One Greedy Package Dealer, Until Uncle Sam Caught Him, Was to Pour a Bit of Liquor Into a Second Hand Bottle, Wrap It, Then Crack the Package to Make Customers Believe It Was Broken in Transit.

ONE would think that package frauds would be confined to picayunish operations, with headquarters under the promoters' hats. But recently the Markets Commissioner of New York, Daniel P. Wooley, announced he was investigating a national chain store which was purveying "gaudy but phony" gift boxes to be sent to service men. The box was false-bottomed and falsely labeled. Selling for $1.50 it was worth half that.

The best protection against cheaters of this ilk is to be suspicious of all bargains. Especially in this day of shortages, when practically everything you can think of is either rationed or unobtainable. There doesn't seem to be any shortage of suckers. Perhaps they should be rationed.

Occasionally a mail fraud comes to a sudden stop without the intervention of the law. One mail swindler found that out, much to his discomfort. He had a small novelty store in a border town down Texas way. A nearby Army camp was troubled with cockroaches. Seemingly the bugs thrived on poison spray and waxed fat on the powders supposed to exterminate them.

The swindler saw an opportunity to turn a dishonest dollar. He rented a post office box and advertised widely a new invention—DEATH TO VERMIN which was guaranteed to kill roaches. The price—25 cents.

Many of the soldiers, impatient at the Army's failure to get rid of the roaches pronto, sent in a quarter for the insect killer. By return mail they received two wooden blocks with instructions.

"First catch roach and place on block No. 1. Put block No. 2 on top and squeeze gently. Death will be instantaneous."

Most of those swindled figured that the laugh was worth two bits and let it go at that. Not so with one tall, unimaginative Texan. He canvassed the camp until he had the name of everyone who had purchased DEATH TO VERMIN. Then he applied for a furlough, and headed directly for the town from which the swindler operated.

The vengeance seeker waited at the post office until the sharpshooter showed up to collect another dividend from his private gold mine. Then the Texan confronted him, presented his list of victims, and demanded return of the full amount stolen, plus expenses.

The man demurred. The soldier, who had been hoping for just such an excuse, seized the hapless thief and applied a headlock. He squeezed. And, as of that date, the vendor of DEATH TO VERMIN went out of business.

All swindlers believe they have figured out a fool-proof racket and do not discover their mistake until the prison gates are yawning. But recently a humble private came up with the perfect confidence game.

JOHN MULVANEY was a pitchman, his favorite merchandise being zircons—imitation diamonds—some of which are so good they look better than the real thing.

By accident, he discovered that when a zircon was heated to a certain temperature it became a brilliant, scintillating ball of fire instead of a lack-lustre piece of glass.

The inner fire, always accepted as the hallmark of a genuine diamond, was only temporary, but for more than an hour the zircon could masquerade as a jewel of great value.

Further experimentation showed that during that hour nine out of ten experts would accept the stone as genuine. But, if the hot zircon was placed in an X-ray machine, the truth was out.

Mulvaney decided to augment his income.

For his purpose he needed three things—a genuine diamond; a heated zircon; and a jeweler who bought stones without using the X-ray test.

He bought the diamond; the zircons he owned.

The embryo cheater hied himself to the big city. He called on a Maiden Lane dealer saying: "I just got a furlough and I need some money for the trip home. How much will you give me for this?"

"Good-looking stone," the jeweler commented. Then he put the diamond under the X-ray.

"I'll give you $300," he offered.

Mulvaney knew the offer was more than fair but he declined with thanks. At another jeweler's, he again offered the diamond for sale. This time the prospective buyer offered $200. The con man had found a dealer without an X-ray.

"I've got to raise $300," he explained. Then he produced the heated zircon. "Here's a larger stone. What's this one worth?"

The zircon was examined. If it had been genuine, it would have been worth $500. The diamond merchant offered $250. Mulvaney got $300.

Soon afterward the zircon peddler was caught.

"If any of these men sign a complaint against me, I'll sue them for false arrest," Mulvaney threatened. "I never told any of them that the stone they were buying was a genuine diamond."

The jewelers, after consulting their attorneys, refused to appear for the prosecution.

Next week Mr. MacDougall will tell how "Allotment Brides" victimize servicemen and the Government.

Folks, meet José Café!
WHEN IT COMES TO COFFEE HE KNOWS HIS BEANS!
LOOK, JOSÉ! CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE HAS GAINED MORE NEW FRIENDS THIS PAST YEAR THAN ANY OTHER BLEND. THAT SHOWS YOU WHAT A COFFEE SALESMAN I AM!
NO-NO, SEÑOR, YOU ARE MIS-INFORM!
WHY YOU LITTLE HALF PINT OF COFFEE BEANS! YOU DENY I'M THE WORLD'S GREATEST COFFEE SALESMAN?
IT EEZ NOT McCARTHY, SEÑOR! IT EEZ THE COFFEE WITH THE FULL FLAVOR!
WE-EL, I'M A FLAVOR-CRAVER MYSELF!
THE FULL FLAVOR SHE COMES FROM THE FINE COFFEES THE SEÑORES CHASE & SANBORN BUY IN MY COUNTREE! OO-OH! DELICIOSO!
THESE FLAVORFULL COFFEES ARE THE BEST SALESMAN FOR CHASE & SANBORN
WE-EL,... I'M QUITE A SALESMAN, I AM — BUT I ADMIT CHASE & SANBORN TASTES SWELL!
CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE
IT'S FRESH
REGULAR GRIND
TRY IT, FOLKS! IT'S THE FLAVORFULL COFFEE!

"Any way you look at it... BREAD COMES *First"*

These are times when we must "eat to win." And for food-values—bread comes first. You see why when you read that panel below. Note that today's enriched white bread *now contains Vitamin B_2 (riboflavin) which authorities say is essential to good nutrition and normal growth.*

For your money's worth and your convenience—bread comes first again! It's plentiful, inexpensive and easy to use. Requires no points.

So it's easy to understand why bread is featured in one of the "Basic Seven" food groups of the United States Government's official nutrition program.

Eat plenty of bread—with every meal. It's the wartime way to help yourself to better health and better meals.

WHAT'S NEW IN BREAD?
JUST LISTEN!

Made to standards approved by the U.S. Government, every loaf of baker's enriched, white bread contains useful amounts of all these important food-values:

VITAMIN B_1—helps maintain good appetite and steady nerves.

VITAMIN B_2 (riboflavin)—essential to sturdy growth and normal nutrition.

NIACIN—an important factor in the Vitamin B Complex.

IRON—helps build good, rich blood.

PROTEIN—helps build tissue and promote growth.

CARBOHYDRATES—supply food-energy readily turned into useful work.

These standards have been assured for *all* baker's white bread through the joint efforts of the U. S. Government and the Baking Industry in the past two years.

BREAD IS BASIC

P.S.—MOST GOOD BREAD IS MADE WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

The Young Lord Started His Adventurous Career With an 18-Months "Go" At The Circus.

On His 80th Birthday, Lonsdale Nonchalantly Admitted That Half a Century Earlier He Had Knocked the Mighty John L. Cold in Six Rounds.

Has England Lost Its Biggest Liar?

Lord Lonsdale Received the Title From King Edward But Nobody Will Ever Know If He Really Floored John L. Sullivan

By DAN PARKER

IF there are bars in Valhalla and a grizzled old warrior with a fine flowing handlebar mustache is thumping a gnarled fist on one of them, just about now, shouting: "I can lick any blankety blank blanker in the house;" that would be the shade of John L. Sullivan, bellowing defi to the courtly-looking gentleman of the old school at the other end of the mahogany.

The challenged one, of course, would be the Earl of Lonsdale who recently joined his illustrious ancestors at the ripe age of 87, exactly seven years after he had revealed to an amazed world a "secret" he had kept since his early twenties.

The secret? Oh, merely the news that he had scored a six-round knockout over the great John L. back in 1879, "when Broadway was a pasture and 42nd Street was but a lane" and then, one might add, there was no one around to check up on the extravagant claims of Dukes and Earls "roughing it" in the parsted Styles.

Prince Bernhardt von Buelow, former chancellor of Germany, in his memoirs published some 12 or 14 years ago, quoted King Edward VII as referring to Lord Lonsdale as "the greatest liar in England."

This may have been an early tribute to the inventiveness the famous peer showed in describing his adventures in America. Perhaps the story of the Sullivan knockout is a sample of the trait to which King Edward paid tribute.

At any rate, John L. and Lord Lonsdale will have to settle it between themselves on the other side of the Styx, as no one remains to tell. Charley Mitchell, the former British heavyweight champion, who might have thrown some light on the matter, has also taken the one-way trip in Charon's ferry. He died in 1918.

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

KEYSTONE VIEW

An Enthusiastic Sportsman to the Day of His Death, Lonsdale Was Always Ready to Start a Football Game or Pay a Floral Compliment to a Fair Circus Performer.

On his 80th birthday Lonsdale, patron of boxing, racing and other sports, gave to the world what amounted to a blow-by-blow description of his fight with Sullivan. The sporting peer wrote:

"There is *not* the slightest doubt about who won it and it certainly was not Sullivan. I knocked him out in just under six rounds. I had a broken hand when I did it and he injured one of my ribs in the third round, but there was *not* the slightest doubt about the contest."

Continuing, Lord Lonsdale said:

"Charley Mitchell came over with me under an assumed name with one or two others and we met in a riding school which Sullivan owned. I think they called it the Central Park. It was at the time when I was supposed to be very interested in theatricals but my real object in going there was not that at all—that was camouflage—but was to meet 'Jim' Sullivan. I fought him on a Friday and on the Saturday I returned home."

Lord Lonsdale may or may not have invented the story about knocking out Sullivan, but there's no question as to who invented double talk. The good Lord Lonsdale did in this statement. His reference to "Jim" Sullivan may be the key to the mystery. Visiting in New York about the time Lord Lonsdale and John L. were supposed to have had it out was an Australian heavyweight of horizontal tendencies, named Jim Sullivan. Those who recall what a practical joker Charley Mitchell was admit that a probable solution of the secret knockout Lord Lonsdale scored against John L. was that Charley told his young friend the Earl that he was meeting THE Sullivan, not a Sullivan from Australia.

There is no record of John L. owning a riding school in Central Park or anywhere else. In 1887, according to the records, he had not yet seen New York.

The Central Park Riding Academy where the Lonsdale-Sullivan bout was supposed to have been fought was the most exclusive riding club in the city at that time, and was not patronized by prize-fighters.

Another late-in-life revelation, concerning his "past in America" which Lord Lonsdale made ten years ago, was that he had been an "outlaw" in the West and had held up a stage-coach in the 70's.

"The others are all dead now so there is no longer any reason why I should not reveal it, but that is all I can say," declared the harmless old fibber. Denver's version of the "hold-up" was that Lonsdale and other cowboys, knowing that a group of London friends of the peer were arriving in Denver on a certain stage-coach, faked a *hold-up*—but scrammed when they found that the coach contained sacks of *U. S.* mail, which would make the *mock hold-up* a serious offense.

However, for all his foibles or perhaps because of them, the Earl was beloved by all who knew him—even the hundreds of tenants who occupied his 175,000 acres in Cumberland and Westmoreland and worked his coal and iron mines and his quarries.

He had a love for common people that asserted itself in his predilection for presiding at the social affairs of coster-mongers and their pearly queens and for associating with prize-fighters, cowboys and others with "strong hearts and willing hands." It was this trait that sent him off traipsing with a circus for 18 months when he was in his late teens.

Once he walked 100 miles in 20 hours to win a bet.

Lonsdale had amazing power over horses and dogs and he was worshipped by addicts of the prize ring. For generations, British pugilists have broken each other's noses, fighting for Lonsdale Belts — none of which, however, compares with the belt on the jaw with which the sporting peer says he knocked out John L. Sullivan, and which is now causing all that commotion in Valhalla.

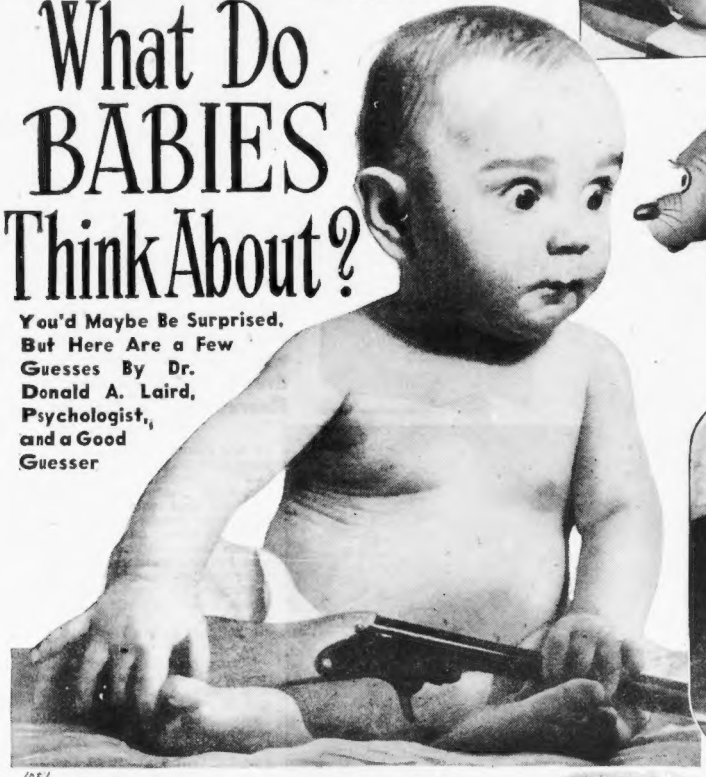
Lonsdale Liked to Tell How, Visiting Our Wild West, He Engineered a Mock Hold-up of a Stage-coach; But the Joke Almost Ended in Disaster When U. S. Mail Was Discovered Aboard.

H. Armstrong Roberts Photo

Int'l

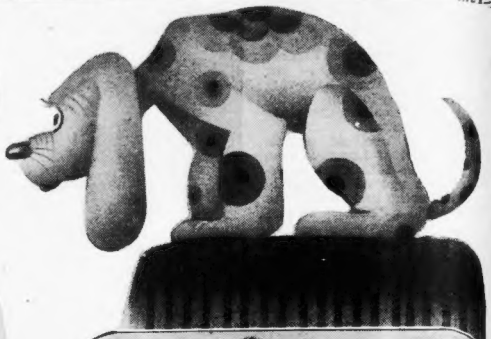
What Do BABIES Think About?

You'd Maybe Be Surprised, But Here Are a Few Guesses By Dr. Donald A. Laird, Psychologist, and a Good Guesser



Int'l

"I Haven't Got the Heart to Shoot That Mutt — I Wonder If That's Tattooing Or the Measles."



Black Star

"Oo! What a Hangover! I'll Never Stuff Myself Again."

H. Armstrong Roberts Photo

"Pffft! You and Your Castor Oil!"

Galloway

"War, Politics, Ho-Hum! I'm Bored. Why Can't I Get Away From It All?"

Int'l

"Naw! I Wasn't Born With It, and It's Not Silver, Either. I'm Just an Ordinary Kid."

In Tomato Juice . . .
LOOK TO LIBBY'S FOR PERFECTION

● TWICE-RICH . . . that's the kind of tomato juice that always comes to your grocer's shelf under the Libby label!

You see, we begin with expertly grown tomatoes . . . pick them on the very day they're most *rich in flavor* . . . most *rich in vitamins.*

Then Libby science steps in to protect this fresh-from-the-vine juice. We know how to *keep* that full, ripe, sun-drenched flavor . . . and how to retain those precious "tomato vitamins". Sparkling juice packed with *such* care is rich in Vitamin A and Vitamin C . . . a ready source of Vitamins B_1 and B_2!

To help put these vitamins (and Libby goodness, too!) into fighters' diets, Uncle Sam is taking quite a large share of our pack. But there's still *some* Libby's Tomato Juice for *your* wartime meals. Before you spend points for tomato juice, it's wise to look for our label. And if you sometimes find your dealer out of Libby's Tomato Juice, take another of our famous Family of Juices.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY

Listen to MY TRUE STORY . . . thrilling real-life dramas! Every morning, Monday through Friday, 10:15 EWT, 9:15 CWT, 11:30 MWT, 10:30 PWT. Blue Network Stations

WHERE FOOD GROWS FINEST
—THERE LIBBY PACKS THE BEST!

Libby's
TOMATO JUICE

1 Husband, 4 Wives:

Heber Kimball Cleveland, 42-Year-Old Utah Tailor, With Marie, One of His Four Wives, and Two of Their Children.

The Cleveland Wives, Says Marie, Live in Separate Apartments With Their Children, Meeting Only to Prepare Meals and Enjoy Each Other's Company. "We Share Everything Alike, Including a Husband, and We Don't Worry About the Curious, the Prying Snoopers Who Come to Peer and Sneer."

J [illegible] groups in Utah [illegible] polygamy, despite Federal [illegible] of the repudiation [illegible] by the Mormon Church, is the [illegible] the privilege [illegible] when [illegible] the Govern-

[illegible] polygamy [illegible] practice [illegible] of their religion—[illegible] the [illegible] of the Mann

[illegible] Heber K[illegible] Cleveland, under three Mann Act [illegible] plural marriage. One [illegible] Marie [illegible] Cleveland, [illegible] under the con-[illegible]

[illegible] and [illegible] their belief in and [illegible] plural marriages. The views [illegible] are their own and do not [illegible] the views of The American Weekly.

By HEBER KIMBALL CLEVELAND

I DON'T want to defend polygamy.

It needs no defense. It is biologically, physiologically and morally right. I can attest to that. I am physically and morally stronger after [illegible] years of living with plural wives—four, in [illegible] it was in monogamy. And I have lived [illegible] normal life under plural marriage.

[illegible] reared in a Mormon fundamentalist [illegible] converted to that religion in 1894 in South [illegible] subsequently immigrated to the [illegible] I know about the world considerably as a [illegible] man. I saw more wantonness in those [illegible] supposedly religious persons than ever [illegible] practiced under plural marriage.

I am many another young man who finds the [illegible] at large doesn't offer that something which [illegible] could be convinced he could cling to as a substantial guide, I returned to the land of my youth [illegible] study the religion to which I was converted, [illegible] it offered no satisfaction until I realized [illegible] the doctrine and covenants of true Mormonism—and, after all, contain the principle, the law of God by which I could set my life's course.

It dawned upon me that the reason for lack of persecution — the lack of the characteristic identifying the Mormon religion as stated in the doctrine — was that the Mormons as they are known today are not practicing their religion. On my own, I undertook to practice it.

Life under that religion has brought me extreme happiness, a keen sense of moderation, an appreciation of the laws of life, a full knowledge of the extent of human weaknesses—and a flock of minor tribulations, including FBI agents, active [illegible] Mormon "Peeping Toms"; church "stool pigeons" and general informers.

Not that I have attempted to conceal anything in my life in polygamy.

But now, while I think about it—since Uncle Sam has made public property of my life and forced into the press the full particulars of the extent of my family, I think I'll pay his tax collectors a visit. Since he's forced the issue, he should be willing to make a sizable remittance for overpayment on income taxes, giving me adequate credit for all of my dependents.

For even if he convicts me on this Mann Act charge he has filed against me (and I'm confident he can't, even though his district attorneys and assistant district attorneys were to carry the case to the Supreme Court of the United States) the conviction would have no effect on my belief.

Ex-FBI agents and others have accounted for the most regrettable nuisance with which I have had to contend. Most of the $2,000 collection of first editions or out-of-print books on Mormon religion have disappeared through them.

The Peeping Toms—some of whom have made so bold as to enter my house curiously snooping after dark—the general informers and stool pigeons, I have tossed off with a shoulder shrug.

Informers have been a bit trying, however. By creating ill-feeling between my employers and myself, they have occasionally made work in certain places unbearable.

BUT I have many trades and have always been able to support my family. It's share and share alike. When we have plenty, everyone in the family has plenty. When we have little, it's still share and share alike. I am currently employed as a tailor.

As to intra-family troubles, there are none. Of course, there are women unable to control jealousy. But if they are so bothered, they are not numbered among plural wives. Each of them—at least, in my household—receives equal treatment. Each receives a pro rata share of my income, according to the number of children and their needs. They realize the sole function of womankind is to "multiply and replenish" the earth—and know their husband is true to them.

To the best of my belief there has yet to occur a case of social disease in a polygamist family. There is no such thing as promiscuous or illicit behavior. These wives—whether they be two or six—can rest assured that if their husband is not with one of them of an evening he is with another. He is not out chasing the streets.

A PLURAL marriage can work—as it has done for me for nine years—only if the man observes the laws of life and is just to his family. His children also rank evenly—none comes first nor receives special favors.

There can be no debauchery — despite the claims of the hecklers, or those of off-color minds.

Marrying many wives to obtain and rear a large family is a responsibility, and the task of explaining it is difficult. Large homes, or maintaining separate homes for wives and their offspring, involve expenses—and a mental and heart attitude inexplicable to many.

There are those who ostracize us—but I have lived in my neighborhood for seven years, and my children are growing to be fine boys and girls, lacking in any sort of grudges, attending public schools and apparently developing into healthy and fair-minded young men and women.

There is no routine in association with many wives. Each has her intervals of fertility, and is known to become purified with abstinence or fasting. Some may fast 12 months. I, myself, have practiced such fasting for as much as six months.

Each wife has her own quarters—as I have mine. Each realizes that in celestial marriage she must share her husband, and she must share him gracefully and intelligently.

No Trouble, Except the Law

A Satiric Old Anti-Mormon Drawing of a "Wolf" Flirting With Pretty Mormon Wives, Which, According to the Clevelands, Would Never Happen in Their Households

What Nine Years of Multiple Marriage Is Really Like, Explained by the Husband of Four Wives and Father of Nearly a Score of Children; and How One Wife Feels About Sharing Him With Three Others

By MARIE BETH BARLOW CLEVELAND

IT'S a great relief to me to know that my husband—when he is not with me—is with one of my Sister-Wives and is not running the streets consorting with some girl of the world with monogamous convictions.

I became a fifth generation polygamist—at 17. And I wouldn't change my circumstances in life for any price.

When I saw Heber Kimball Cleveland I knew he was the man I wanted to be the father of my children. So we were married.

I had long looked forward to this life. Since I was eight years old, in fact. It was then that my father, Albert E. Barlow, also living in celestial marriage, began to teach me the principles of Mormonism.

The little girl's dream of the handsome prince coming one day on a prancing white charger to capture her and his her off to his castle to be happy ever after was not for me. The tale and the dream held no fascination.

Reared in a celestial marriage family, I often contemplated the day when I, too, would share a husband and have the companionship of Sister-Wives of that husband. And it has been everything I had hoped for.

I would rather live the law of celestial marriage and go to jail than to disobey the law which I recognize and go to hell.

It is human that a girl becoming aware of her natural instincts and feelings should be permitted to choose of her own will the man she wants as the father of her children, regardless of whether that man has one wife or half a dozen.

Jealousy?

No, I think not. When he is with a Sister-Wife—as we refer to one another—I have no other feeling than contentment.

And we do get along beautifully. Each Sister-Wife, if she hasn't already learned it, must learn to mind her own business as soon as she enters the celestial marriage residence. There can be none of this business of telling one another how to run one's own household or apartment—such as telling her how to clean the rooms, to arrange the furniture, or to dress her children. Each accepts the others. If faults there are, they are overlooked.

IN THE matter of children—there's another opportunity for friction. But we get around it nicely. Every child is the son or daughter of all the wives. I am "Mama Marie" to my own children and to those of my Sister-Wives. They are "Mama Beth" or "Mama Ramona" or "Mama —etc." to their own and my children.

We are always amiable as I think. Never selfish. We can't afford to be. In a family of as many as 23, selfishness is intolerable. We grow out of our weaknesses. And it often is not easy.

To control jealousy is easy, if you know where

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

Send the boys a bowl of homemade-tasting soup—by mail!

These days, our mail brings us many letters like this one. Letters that tell how much the men overseas want and enjoy Lipton's Noodle Soup.

It's not that our men don't get enough to eat. They do. Our Army and Navy are the best-fed fighting men in the whole world.

But, just as you do, they like a between-meals snack. And for such snacks there just isn't anything better than a bowl of that hearty, chicken-y tasting Noodle Soup.

Lipton's is a natural for servicemen, of course . . . because it's tasty, easy to make.

So—send them some. Get Lipton's at your grocery . . . and start [illegible]

March 25, 1944

Lipton Noodle Soup Company
Hoboken, New Jersey

Dear Sirs:

I am going to quote you part of a letter from my son, who is somewhere in Italy. I thought it might interest you. He said--

"The boys in the room are all glowing. Do you remember the Lipton's Noodle Soup you sent me? When it arrived the boys all laughed and thought it was a big joke. Tonight they all changed their minds. I opened a package tonight and went ahead to cook it and ignore them. They didn't pay much attention at first but as soon as the odor drifted through the room you should have seen them jump. They wouldn't let me pour it out at first. They just wanted to stand there and smell it. After they had thoroughly enjoyed it, they made so much noise scraping their cups the boys from the next room came in to see what was the matter. The Lipton Co. would glow with pride if they could see the gang now. Each one of them is writing home to his family to send him a supply. Of course you have already guessed that I want some more for myself. You'd be surprised how a silly little thing like that will cheer the boys up, but they all said it was the closest to home they had been in a long time."

My son is [redacted]

I hope you have enjoyed this letter from a grateful soldier and his mother.

Sincerely,

Grace M. Smith

Mrs. Grace M. Smith
200 East 78th St.
New York City

NOTE: Postal regulations permit you to send parcels of not more than 8 ounces overseas, except in answer to a specific request. You can thus send a package or two of Lipton's at any time. But if your boy wants more, tell him to write and ask for it. You can then send him as much as you like.

LIPTON'S CONTINENTAL NOODLE SOUP

and 10¢

Also in thrifty 3-package cartons

Each 10¢ package makes 4 to 6 helpings of grand noodle soup—full of golden egg noodles, savory-seasoned. Empty the envelope into boiling water—simmer a few minutes. Makes 1½ times as much soup as you get from the average can.

New Paris Modes: Look Like Frau Goering!

The Overblown Look of the New French Styles Can Be Explained Simply: Goering Is France's Fashion Dictator and His Monumental Wife Is His Ideal.

Two of the Latest French Hats (Nazi-Inspired): You Can Get the Same Effect by Wearing the Week's Wash

By CHARLES ROBBINS

A WOMAN went into a smart New York dress shop a few weeks ago and, after looking at the spring models, called for the manager.

"Your things aren't fashionable," she complained. "Lelong, Lavin, Paquin—all the best Paris designers are turning out entirely different styles."

As to how she knew, she replied, "Why, I've seen them! Just last night at El Morocco Helen Blank was wearing a Paquin model! She said so. And so on.

The manager could have told her that she was the victim of Nazi propaganda or of a French joke. Either would have been correct. He decided on the latter and, as a result, could give a little more information than the lady expected.

When the lady protested that she hadn't the least idea what he was talking about, the manager told her the story, undoubtedly one of the most fantastic of the war.

You may know a little of it already. At least, you may have heard something about those deluxe Parisian fashion magazines that raised such a furor among New York dress designers and milliners last month.

They were a rather clever attempt on the part of Dr. Goebbels, Nazi Propaganda Minister, to make some profit from the stupidity of his friend, Hermann Goering.

The latter is fashion dictator of France, believe it or not.

As such, he is strongly influenced by his wife, the actress, Emmy Sonneman. Mother-of-the-State Emmy, as she has been officially labelled (and she looks it), is her husband's ideal feminine type.

The only thing that distinguishes her from an Alp is a lack of snow well above the tree line.

French Designers Turned Out These Ornate Costumes as a Joke and Goering Took Them Seriously.

Her ubiquitous bulk used to embarrass Hitler and some of his more sensitive associates, but what to do about it was a problem. For, if they ordered her to diet, it might, of course, offend Hermann, and that might create political complications.

At length, they hit on a solution. If they could not make Emmy look like a normal woman, then they would make normal women look like Emmy.

It was the long way around, but it would lessen her conspicuousness, which, after all, was the point.

So, by decree, pre-war German fashions were altered to conform to her monumental torso. In other words, they developed a sort of dropsy: dresses took on the elegance of potato-sacks and everybody wore voluminous sleeveless capes, resembling the shaggy rug which Americans fancy for their bathroom floors.

France escaped the infection until last winter. Then one day, Hermann bumbled into Paquin's dainty shop. He wanted to see some dresses. When the mannequins paraded before him, he thundered:

"No self-respecting German woman would wear things like that! Women of the New Order aren't built like toothpicks! Show me some dresses a real woman could get into—somebody like my wife, for instance!"

The manager was distressed. Shortage of material, he said, together with governmental restrictions, made it impossible to create appropriate models.

Still sputtering, Goering called for a telephone. A minute later he was telling the French district administrator to relax the absurd rules hampering dress designers.

Soon afterwards a general order was issued to all Parisian couturiers and milliners to stop the skimping on materials and turning out of frivolous models.

The couturiers and milliners were delighted; it was the first chance they'd had to strike a blow for their country, and they went about it with typical French ingenuity.

Tongue in cheek, good taste temporarily laid aside in moth balls, they poured forth the weirdest, the most improbable and blatantly ugly designs you could imagine.

When Goering congratulated them on the result, they returned sober thanks; then went home and hugged each other.

Maybe Goebbels was taken in, too; maybe not. What matters is that he saw in the new styles an opportunity to disrupt the American market.

[illegible] that, to spare as much [illegible] for war industry, dress goods in this country were being rationed, that hats were being kept within reason by a voluntary agreement among milliners.

He also knew that the U. S. had [illegible] pay the second [illegible] the limit." If the Goering-inspired designs could be palmed off on American women as authentic Paris fashions, they would be so preposterous, arouse a degree of such ridicule, that they would be withdrawn or at least rendered impossible to satisfy.

Result: discontent, a possible black market, a neat and unexpected form of sabotage.

So three lavish magazines, printed in Switzerland and purporting to show the latest in Paris hats and frocks, soon made their appearance in New York.

The designs suggest that the Nazis are more interested in keeping Emmy Sonneman and other Superwomen fully, not to say overwhelmingly, clothed than in winning the war.

The dresses are as loaded with irrelevant ornaments as was a Victorian what-not.

The hats appear to be inflated by invisible air-tubes.

Yet, some women, like the thoughtless New York customer, seem to feel that anything that comes from Paris—even Nazi-occupied Paris—is bound to be chic.

If neither patriotism nor good taste is enough, then perhaps a reluctance to be the victims of a second-hand joke will keep them from asking for such monstrosities.

Nazis Are Trying to Make American Women Discontented with Our Cloth-conserving, Streamlined Wartime Styles.

Out of This World—in Reno

Fantastic Story of Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Alimony in the Dizzy Divorce Capital Where Law and License Never Clash

By INEZ ROBB

CHAPTER IV

In Just the Second Earl Russell and Mrs. Mollie Summerville Secured Simultaneous Nevada Divorces in the Comparatively Breath Taking Space of Six Months.

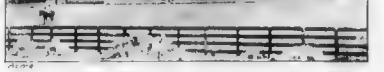
In the B. R. (Before Reno) Era Socially Impregnable Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont Wasn't Allowed to Teach Sunday School Class Following Her Abrogation From William K. Vanderbilt

Married Immediately, the Earl and the Ex-Mrs. Summerville Returned to London Where a Shocked and Indignant House of Lords Jailed the Peer for Bigamy. In a Blaze of International Publicity the Reno Bonanza Was On.

Judge Barney Moran Who Has Granted Thousands of Reno Diplomas.

Reno Railbirds Watch an Impromptu Rodeo, One of the Amusements That Attract the "Waiting for the Decree" Contingent.

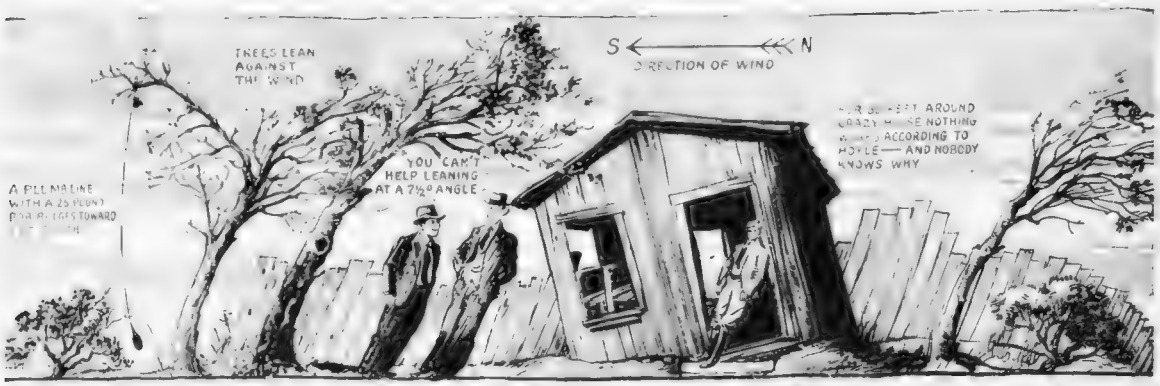
Judge Ben I. Cutler, Now a Divorce Defendant Himself.



Luxurious Dude Ranches Provide All the Comforts of Park Avenue to the Maritally Maladjusted in the Chips.

Fully in the proud manner of Beau Brummell, John Mackay, Adolph Sutro and James Graham Fair, the three founders of Nevada, Schnitzer proudly strode into Reno, while others found it in the cow-towns and mining camps in Virginia City's bonanza mining belt.

Next week Miss Robb will tell the effects of poverty and prosperity on the rate of divorces granted by the Reno courts



Science Baffled by Nature's Crazy House

CRAZY HOUSE hangs on a hillside overlooking Sardine Creek, midway between Crater Lake and Oregon Caves, in the southwestern corner of Oregon.

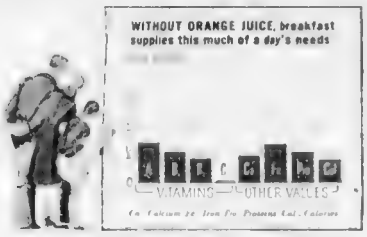
Forty years ago it occupied a position of dignity on the crest of the hill. For about 10 years it went on a nocturnal spree and woke up dangling dizzily. It hasn't been the same since.

It is called Crazy House because, ever since it tumbled down the slope, it has existed in a circular area 130 feet in diameter where nothing proceeds according to plan. That is, the laws of physics operate insanely. Water runs uphill the way it should, and magnetism, as registered by them down through the needle and everything else, walks aslant.

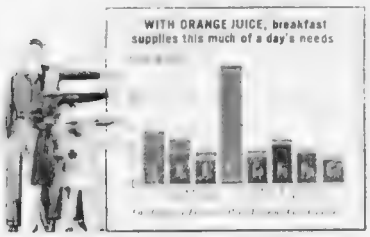
Even the laws of hang true. Balls [illegible] Crazy House [illegible] a beeline [illegible] the nearest [illegible] rolls [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Look what orange juice adds to breakfast!

Two things [illegible] a day's needs [illegible] breakfast! [illegible]

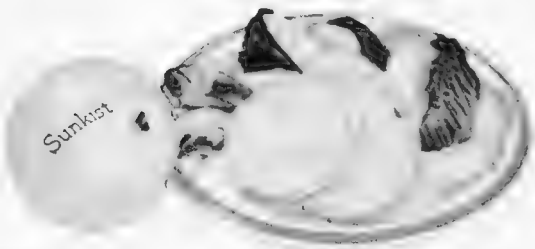


Whole-grain cereal with milk, an egg and buttered toast [illegible] Yet like most foods even most fruits and vegetables they lack vitamin C. And unless you're willing to [illegible] vitamin C at breakfast you're almost sure to fall short for the day.



But add a golden glass of fresh orange juice and look what happens! You get your full day's quota of vitamin C. Most your supply of other vitamins and food values, too. And there's nothing like the delicious, appetizing tang of fresh orange juice to start your morning singing!

BEST FOR JUICE – *and Every use!*



BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

By planning for vitamin C you have solved a big problem. You need more C than any other vitamin and you need it daily. It helps prevent fatigue and infection, protects teeth and gums, and keeps you feeling *young!*

Oranges are your best practical source of vitamin C. One 6 to 8 ounce glass of delicious juice insures your daily quota together with a healthy bonus of A, B_1, B_2 (G), calcium and other minerals.

Save shopping trips by ordering a week's supply of trade-marked Sunkist Oranges. They are "good keepers," the finest from 14,500 cooperating California-Arizona growers.

Cool orange salads and fresh fruit cups are perfect hot weather treats! Easy to fix, too. And don't forget sweet, juicy oranges for the lunch box and between-meal snacks.

Sunkist

CALIFORNIA ORANGES

Copyright, 1944, California Fruit Growers Exchange

It's an E-Z-DO!
..and economical too!

I needed a closet — alas! there was none
But see what my E-Z-DO wardrobe has done
Made room for clothes (both for his and for mine)
And added a bright note that's divine.

Here's what E-Z-DO makes!

Wardrobes • • Storage Closets • • Accessory Bases • • Storage Chests • • Garment Bags
Window Cornices • • Shoe Bags • • Closet Accessories • • Shoe Racks • • many others

Because of restrictions, some E-Z-DO products are not available today. Enjoy the E-Z-DO you *can* buy.

FREE! Fascinating decorator booklet "How to Give Your Home a New Lease on Life." Packed with decorating tips. Send your name on a penny postcard.

America's Largest makers of wardrobes and storage chests
E-Z-DO (Dept. M-5)
261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

E-Z-Do

DON'T SAY GAUZE SAY—
GAUZ-TEX
SENSATIONAL NEW BANDAGE

It's here — the bandage that sticks to itself — GAUZ-TEX — won't stick to skin! Made of Loosely woven cotton, lets skin breathe. Keeps dirt out, lets in air. Won't come off in oil, gasoline, water or water. Various widths, lengths — ALSO individual BAND-ME-QUICK fingers. At drug counter — 10c up. Ask for GAUZ-TEX today! General Bandages, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

GAUZ-TEX Sticks to Itself — NEVER TO YOU

Nurseries in England's Pubs?

A

A good many of these dreams of tomorrow are just so much wishful thinking. That's why, when a bunch of solid citizens come along with a down to earth idea—in this case a group of Englishmen in the little Lancashire village of Rochdale—people sit up and take notice.

These Britishers met the other day and decided it would be a fine thing after the war ends to have a saloon—or pub as they call it—equipped with a comfortable nursery for the kiddies.

The Post-War Plans of the English Village of Rochdale Include Something New and Revolutionary in Saloons—Playrooms for the Patrons' Youngsters.

THE men of Rochdale weren't joking. To them a place fixed up so their youngsters could have a good time while papa and mama [illegible] their whistles were a dip in the direction of Utopia.

And so to prove that they weren't just dreaming, the men got going on their plan. The Rochdale licensing magistrates recently granted the necessary permit, and construction will begin the moment the conflict ends.

The idea calls for both an indoor and outdoor nursery furnished with all kinds of toys, books, and play equipment. An attendant, skilled in handling children, will be appointed as a full-time supervisor.

The pubs of Britain play a larger part in community social life than saloons do in this country. They are the places where the townspeople go to hear the latest news, play darts, and quaff an ale or two.

As anyone might imagine, the men of Rochdale ran into some opposition before they got their plan approved. The clergy of the town didn't like it.

One minister—the Reverend S. Reed of the Rochdale Federated Church started a petition against the project. But he didn't get to first base. He found the townspeople, even his own parishioners, were all for the idea.

"THE Church," Reverend Reed explained, "did not question that the children would be well cared for, but the wisdom of taking them into the atmosphere of a pub was questioned—as was the fitness of the parents to take them home."

Wow! what a difference KENT VITAMINS make!

Mother! Is your child a finicky eater—nervous, listless, under par? Try KENT VITAMINS. One capsule supplies daily minimum needs of A, B_1, D. If grocer can't supply, mail 50¢ to Cupples Company, St. Louis (2), Mo., for bottle of 50 capsules.

Over 7-Weeks Supply only 50¢
AT YOUR GROCER'S

NEVER SCRATCH ITCHING SKIN

Do This for Quick Relief

Would you like to see that fiery redness subside quickly and the scaly skin become soft and smooth? Get a 25c or 60c jar of Sayman Salve and apply this medicated ointment to the affected areas. Let it help ease tormenting itch and soreness. All druggists have Sayman Salve.

SAYMAN SALVE

Use the Planned Menus In This Issue

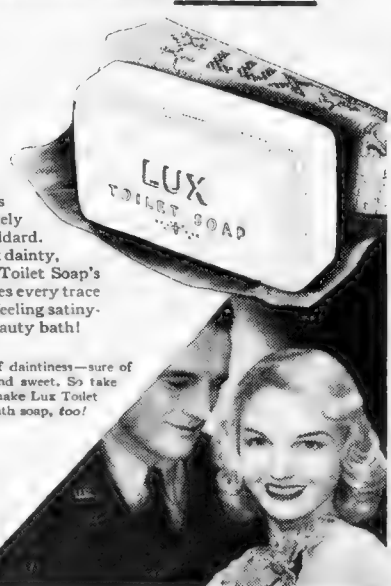
"A Lux girl?

You bet I am! It's the soap that leaves skin SWEET"

PAULETTE GODDARD

Charming Star of Paramount's "STANDING ROOM ONLY"

"I love the way my daily Lux Soap beauty bath leaves my skin flower-fresh, delicately perfumed," says Paulette Goddard. Screen stars know if a girl isn't dainty, no other charm counts. Lux Toilet Soap's creamy ACTIVE lather removes every trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin feeling satiny-smooth. Try this luxurious beauty bath!



You want to be sure of daintiness—sure of skin that's fresh and sweet. So take Hollywood's tip—make Lux Toilet Soap *your* daily bath soap, *too!*

FIGHT WASTE

It's up to us to help win the soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using, place it in dry soap dish. Massage lightly and rinse quickly in cool water.

Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S...It's hard-milled! *9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it*

JIM WASN'T OLD—except in the eyes of the armed services. He bought war bonds for the same reasons all Americans buy them. He wanted to do his part to help bring the war to a speedier end. He was looking forward, too—looking forward to the day when with the return of peace and security he could apply those bonds to some of the things we all want—to the purchase of a home, to the education of his children, or just to keep against those days when his driving energy would decline.

When Jim's wife says: *"Jim didn't expect me to cash them so soon,"* she is not blaming Jim; she is just discarding her dreams of the future for the hard facts of today. Just because the right tomorrow never came.

"Jim didn't expect me to cash them so soon"

WITH MANY MEN, as with Jim, the right tomorrow never comes. Out of experience we know that it is the habit of many men to decide to talk to their life insurance agents tomorrow rather than today, and when tomorrow comes to put it off till another tomorrow.

And so every day life's tragedies are in the making. Responsibilities grow greater; life insurance remains static. Suddenly the life insurance which was sufficient to take care of the responsibilities of earlier days is called upon to meet the greater needs of the present.

Today is the right day to talk to your life insurance agent; to review your life insurance; to make sure that it measures up to your present needs. When you make this review with a John Hancock agent you get the benefit of the eighty years of experience of the John Hancock Company in fitting life insurance to the changing needs and varied incomes of its policyholders.

This experience covers every circumstance and every emergency to which life insurance can reasonably be applied; the protection of the family; the protection of war bonds and other investments against sudden demands; the education of children; provision for old age; and the settlement of small or large estates.

Your John Hancock agent has been trained to apply this experience to your specific needs and income. Why not speak to him *today?*

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
GUY W. COX, President

The Case of the Pious Humbug

Shrewd Financiers, After a Demonstration in That Mysterious Room, Poured Millions Into Wizard Keely's "Etheric Engine" That Would Run the World on Music.

From The American Weekly's recollections of famous crimes that mystified us in the past, and challenged our best detective genius.

John Worrell Keely, Pious Humbug Or Scientist?

By THEODORE ROSCOE

ON a dark night late in October, 1895, a closed carriage drew up before a shadowy, two-story brick house in North 20th Street, Philadelphia. Cloaked figures stepped out and hurried up the stairs.

A discreet bell tinkled, and the door was opened furtively by a butler.

One of the callers produced a card John Jacob Astor.

Mr. Astor, manipulator of the family millions and father of the present John Jacob Astor, had come incognito from New York, to circumvent such possible rivals as J. K Lorimer and William K. Vanderbilt in acquiring controlling interest in what he hoped would prove the scientific sensation of the age.

"You may come this way, sir. Mr. Keely and Mrs. Moore are ready."

Astor, his secretary and Mr. Samuels, an electrical engineer, were conducted into a chamber that resembled a scientist's dream, if a slightly cock-eyed one.

Armchairs, piano and mahogany tables made strange contrast to a fantastic array of machines, gadgets and engines, all polished and gleaming in their nests of tubing and wires.

Inventor and master of this fantasmagoria, John Worrell Keely, raw-boned, big-handed and hearty, came forward cordially to greet his guests.

"Mr. Astor, sir, you do me honor. Gentlemen, I present my associate—Mrs. Bloomfield Moore."

That lady, nee Jessup, widow and socialite inheritor of one of the city's Main Line fortunes, permitted the visitors to bow over her hand.

"And now, gentlemen, allow me to present the Keely Motor."

He pointed to a great metal globe attached to a weird transmitter that bristled with spokes and steel rods, wheels and impressive gadgets.

"Etheric power," he explained with a rather patronizing smile, "is the secret of our terrestrial existence. I propose to unlock that secret and unleash that force. Gentlemen, the answer is vibration. By certain harmonic chords, combinations of musical vibration, I have managed to disintegrate the molecular force of water. But let us have a demonstration."

John Jacob Astor, like a thousand other witnesses, would never forget that demonstration.

Crossing the room to the piano, the inventor struck a chord. Instantly the steel ball whirled in its axis, the spiked wheel rotated until it hummed. Another chord, and the wheel stopped.

Keely picked up a harmonica. The blowing of a scale fired a snub-nosed cannon which hurled a bright steel ball with force enough to dent a lead wall-plate. Pointing to what he called a "vibratory oscillator," he asked Mrs. Moore to pound a zither. A lead weight rose to the surface of a liquid-filled globe.

Bowing and smiling at his audience, the inventor now poured a test tube of water into the Keely Motor.

"You will see a single note generate enough force to run a train of cars from Philadelphia to San Francisco."

A low note on the harmonica, and the engine in question fairly hummed.

When all these mechanisms and gadgets finally quieted down, John Worrell Keely invited the witnesses to examine the machines.

Astor and Samuels explored and peered in wonderment. They could detect no electrical or other devices which might have run the wheels.

"The wonder of the age," Astor said. "I am willing to back it."

Samuels was equally impressed.

Astor, returning to New York, gave the Keely Motor his endorsement.

Keely stock boomed. So did Keely. His mansion on Oxford Street became a show-place. Diamonds blossomed on his waistcoat, rivaling those of famed Jim Brady. Everywhere he was hailed as a miracle man.

This must have been fairly gratifying to the Philadelphia-born son of a German iron worker. Musician, waiter, cabinet maker, mechanic, Keely had tinkered a long time before beginning his vibratory experiments and building his first "Pneumatic-Pulsating-Vacuo Engine."

This machine was a sensation—built from parts of a bathtub and an old steam heater, it attracted investors immediately. In 1874 Keely organized the Keely Motor Corporation with the backing of top-rung citizens. Wealthy Mrs. Bloomfield Moore put $60,000 into the motor.

Constructing his fabulous machines, Keely worked like a trojan, making all final installations himself. His difficulty seemed to be in harnessing the vast "etheric force"—"the tangible link between man and God."

But just what this link was was Keely's secret, and he declined to make it public until his experiments were completed.

This called for another stock-selling campaign. Mrs. Moore contributed the Oxford Street mansion and the downtown laboratory.

By 1895, the time of the Astor visit, Keely Motors were again running down. Stockholders had begun to grumble, waiting for a practical application of "etheric energy" to produce dividends. Keely kept declaring himself on the verge of success, which year after year seemed to elude him.

Then it was pointed out he had never applied for a patent on his marvelous invention. Some scoffer recalled he had once traveled as a penny magician with a circus.

But the interest of such leaders in finance as Astor, Peabody, Vanderbilt and Cyrus Brewster revived the marvel. Five million dollars went into the Keely Corporation, and 3,000 investors waited happily for the world to turn on music.

For two more years they waited. Then on November 14, 1893, poised on the very threshold of success, or so he said, John Worrell Keely, aged 61, died. The papers called it pneumonia.

Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, aged 75, followed her Merlin to the grave within a few weeks, dying, declared one newspaper, of a broken heart.

A quartet of scientists, at the instigation of her son, investigated the Keely Laboratory.

Buried in the cellar they found an enormous 3-ton steel sphere which tested up to 20,000 pounds air pressure. From this huge reservoir, pipes, secreted in the cellar, ran to vents under the laboratory floor connecting Keely's marvelous machines with the mysterious, hidden engine below.

"Compressed air," the investigators decided. "When he walked around that room upstairs he stepped on valves hidden under the carpet and started those various contraptions going. His 'etheric power' was just so much compressed air!"

Keely stock crashed overnight from $50 to 62 cents a share. And the great Pneumatic-Pulsating-Vacuo Engine collapsed in sorry discord.

Yet, today all the world talks of "cracking the atom," releasing a worldshaking "atomic energy" which will fire cannon, run machinery and provide unlimited power for all the ships, trains and planes on the globe.

Did Keely—a genius by any measure!—catch a glimpse of the atom's secret and then, unlettered, scientifically uneducated, fail to translate it into workable machinery?

Or was he a deliberate swindler, one of America's cleverest bunk-artists?

Rest At Last for the Admiral's Spook

"Mutiny!" the Spectral Figure Cried. "Mutiny!" and Dashed Past Me. Then From the Deck Came Pistol Shots and a Scream.

The Battleship Petropavlovsk, Since Renamed the Marat, Where Admiral Kuznetsoff (Above) Died Suddenly When the Ghost of His Predecessor Appeared.

By CAPT. S. M. RIIS, U.S.M.S.

I SAW a ghost. I am convinced of it.

It was on the battleship Petropavlovsk, of the Imperial Russian Navy, which was haunted for more than a quarter of a century. Only the other day I read that the spell had been broken by death. So now I can tell the harrowing details of my experience—ten years later.

Ever since the bloody day that followed Nov. 7, 1917, when the Bolshevists overthrew the Czarist Government, a wraith has paced the decks of the Petropavlovsk. Few people on that date that the Petropavlovsk, anchored at the Kronstadt naval base on the Gulf of Finland, was wrecked during a storm by mutinous sailors and the officers killed.

History has it that ever since, when the heavy weather created the anniversary of the revolt, the commander would die and succeeding commanders would die until the cause of the mutiny was dead.

But I knew nothing of the ship's past at the same Kronstadt base, I took the cabin of Admiral Wladimir Alexandrovitz Kuznetsoff, commander of the entire Soviet fleet, aboard the Petropavlovsk—which by then had been renamed the Marat, in honor of the French revolutionary.

It was Nov. 7, 1933.

The Soviet was celebrating the day of liberation all over the land. Of course, the old Petropavlovsk, flagship of the fleet, was no exception. I was a guest. Admiral Kuznetsoff was the host.

The horn of plenty was turned upside down. We nibbled at caviar, which one likes like our hors d'oeuvres, and drank Vodka. After a hearty lunch was served, Admiral Kuznetsoff proposed a toast to the largest, most powerful fleet Czarist Russia had ever had.

We had a good laugh, I remember, when several of the guests spoiled the start of the celebration, we were quite gay.

General quarters was sounded. And suddenly there was a crack of thunder.

The ship's lights went out.

The old Petropavlovsk was in utter darkness.

I thought I had followed Admiral Kuznetsoff in the companionway in the dark. In any event, when I reached topside I was chilly. I groped back toward his cabin for the coat I had left.

As I stood in the passageway, his door opened and he came out. Or so I thought.

He was in shirtsleeves and carried a flashlight and a sword. He brushed past me to the wardroom. Then I heard his voice.

"For God's sake! This is mutiny! You will all be shot or hanged from the yardarm."

Seconds ticked away. I was standing there as though struck to stone.

Pistol shots startled my heart beating again. There were several of them. I ran to the wardroom. The admiral grasped my arm.

"Come," he said. "No time to lose. We'll all be killed."

He pulled me to his cabin, locked the door and swore.

He dabbed his flashlight and looked at me. Blood oozed from a wound in his back. I felt faint.

There was no fear of life.

I took the flashlight. I was shocked. I was thoroughly. What difficulty I had [illegible] steps to the bridge.

The night watch [illegible]

All [illegible]

Was I mad? Hadn't I just left him dead in his cabin?

He strode toward me and spoke: "What happened to you? We must have lost you in the dark. The darkness is working again. Let's go down to my cabin and drink a toast."

We went. As he reached the door he took the keys from his pocket and opened it. Then I realized I didn't have the keys, or the flashlight.

And there was nothing untoward in the cabin. No corpse. No blood. My hand shook as I held the vodka to my lips.

I left as soon as I decently could. I couldn't bear to be in that room or aboard that ship.

As I left my hotel in the morning after a restless night, the clerk inquired of me:

"Are you not going to stay for Admiral Kuznetsoff's funeral? You know he died early this morning after a heart attack."

I didn't know until then. Or did I? But I stayed and after the service an old priest came to me.

"Did you see or hear anything unusual on the old Petropavlovsk the night the admiral died?" he asked.

I hesitated and he went on:

"I see in your face that you did! I'll tell you why. In the mutiny on the Petropavlovsk on Nov. 7, 1917, Admiral Makaroff, the commander of the fleet, was shot and murdered in his cabin.

"Ever since, when Nov. 7 is [illegible] the admiral's ghost haunts the old Petropavlovsk. It has happened [illegible] The officers see [illegible] ghost of Admiral Makaroff [illegible] ship, and [illegible] until the leader of the mutiny [illegible]

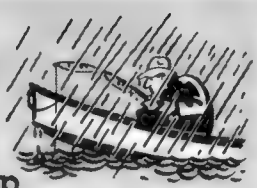
The priest showed me a picture of Admiral Makaroff. He was strangely like Admiral Kuznetsoff. He was Admiral Kuznetsoff—was the ghost I had seen that night.

I can tell about it now because I have just read in Russian newspapers about the death of Gregory Mellnikoff, who led the mutiny on the Petropavlovsk. He was buried with honors in the Kremlin. The date was Nov. 7, 1943.

This is the truth, the whole truth, s'help me. If it isn't, I've talked myself into believing it is.

Thousands Were Killed in Petrograd in the November 7, 1917, Revolt Against the Czarist Government; At Kronstadt Mutineers Killed Admiral Makaroff, Whose Ghost Stalked His Flagship on Stormy Anniversaries of His Death.

Remember that fishing trip



when all you caught was a cold?

So you hooked up with a pack of KOOLS

and they felt so soo-oo-thing!

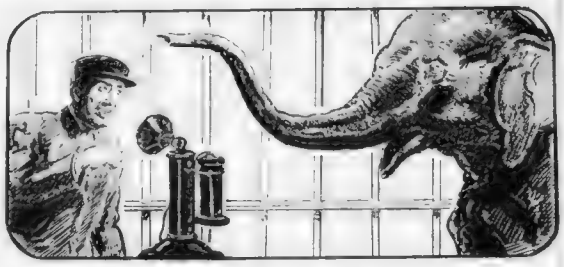
If you liked 'em so much when your throat was raw

Here's a whale of an idea: Why not smoke 'em all the time?

Catch on? Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS *-for good!*

Do Elephants Ever Forget?

Thirty Years After Alice Had Learned to Use the Telephone Her Keeper Tested Her Memory—and She Had Forgotten the Trick.



IT MAY be true, as someone long ago remarked, that an elephant does a remarkable job of remembering with a brain that is surprisingly small for the bulk of the beast. But the old saying that an elephant never forgets is one of those popular beliefs that just isn't so.

The authority for this interesting, if less-than-earth shaking, statement is Dick Richards, who has been hobnobbing with elephants, man and boy. For 40 years he has studied the biggest of land animals in circuses and zoos. Especially a lady elephant that answered to the delicate name of Alice.

Thirty years ago Richards taught Alice to go through the motions of lifting the receiver and making odd noises into the mouthpiece of a phony telephone.

NOT long ago Richards had the inspiration to find out whether Alice remembered the stunt, which she hadn't been called upon to do for three decades.

"I gave Alice the old signal," says her keeper, "and waited. She took up the telephone with her trunk. But nothing much happened after that. She didn't lift the receiver from the hook and put it to her ear. And she made no 'conversation' into the make-believe instrument. I could see that she had forgotten our little game—the legend about elephants' powers of memory notwithstanding."

This story and many others about the life and works of elephants comes from "Life with Alice," a book written by Richards and published by Coward McCann Inc.

In all fairness to the heroine of the yarn, she did bring to mind several other cute little tricks that her trainer had taught her a generation and more ago.

Next Week

MURDER by SKELETONS

The grim messengers of death danced at the Mexican masked ball, and paid their compliments to the Governor with bullets. Read this bizarre true mystery in the...

June 4 Issue of

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

LOOK AT THE RECORD

One Can of New Improved

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER CLEANS 69 MORE SINKS*

and does it

SAFELY AND QUICKLY

DISSOLVES GREASE—ERASES DIRT

By amazing two-way action

* Independent laboratory tests *prove* Old Dutch actually cleans 69 more sinks per can than any other leading cleanser tested! Why? Because it contains a special grease dissolver that cuts grease fast and *Seismotite* that erases dirt easily—quickly—without scratching! Get Old Dutch *today!*

SAY GOODBYE TO THAT CORN!

How to get instant relief from painful pressure and remove corn

• If you'd really like to say goodbye to that corn, be sensible about it! Don't "home-pare" it; that simply "shaves off" the top, usually leaves the hard core behind in your toe. Instead, let Blue-Jay help you *remove* that corn! Blue-Jay works 2 ways: the soft felt pad gives instant relief from pressure pain. Then, while you walk, the Blue-Jay medication softens and loosens the corn, so it can be easily removed—*with the core.* Get Blue-Jay at any drug or toilet goods counter and try it today!

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

BAUER & BLACK, a Division of The Kendall Company

PUT 'EM UP!

Help fruits and vegetables fight for Freedom. Put 'em up in empty Maxwell House jars—topped with Thrif-T-Lid from your grocer or the hardware store. So be sure to save your empty jars and screw caps. Can food—label it for victory!

When you've done your bit for Uncle Sam...

IT'S MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE TIME!

This richer, finer coffee brings you friendly stimulation and extra flavor in every cup!

● When you've been busy keeping the home fires burning, you'll find welcome refreshment and a friendly lift in a fragrant cup of Maxwell House Coffee . . . the coffee that is bought and enjoyed by more people than any other brand in the world.

What's the reason for the tremendous popularity of Maxwell House? American families demand *extra* flavor and richness in their coffee—and Maxwell House provides just that. There's *extra* satisfaction in America's No. 1 preferred coffee because of the traditional care and skill with which it's made.

Every step counts! Choice Latin-American coffees are expertly blended to bring together in one far finer blend the best qualities of each. "Radiant Roasting" develops every bean to the very peak of its strength and flavor. Vacuum-packing seals Maxwell House, roaster-fresh, to bring you coffee as you like it—coffee that's now, as always, "Good to the Last Drop!"

Good to the Last Drop!

A Product of General Foods

IT'S MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE TIME ON THE AIR, TOO . . . WITH FANNY BRICE . . . FRANK MORGAN . . . NBC, THURSDAY NIGHT

"I didn't mean to fall in love," you said

"*Not now,*" you said, "*with this war on.*"

But you couldn't help yourself, you said. Oh, darling, I'm so gloriously glad you couldn't!

The touch of my soft hands, you said, was music and poetry and home to you and you wanted to be sure—off there in battle—that my hands belong to you.

Suppose—oh, dearest—just suppose my hands had felt rough! They might have. My war job is hard on the hands—dries the natural softening moisture from the skin.

But so many of the girls use Jergens Lotion—I started to use Jergens, too. And with Jergens' help, I know my hands will stay soft and feminine, dear, for you to come home to.

Girls who work hard in airplane factories—they care for their hands with Jergens Lotion, almost 3 to 1. It's like professional care—so "especial". Includes 2 ingredients that cure rough skin to delightful softness so effectively that many doctors prescribe them. Simple. No stickiness. Just be sure and use Jergens Lotion.

JERGENS LOTION
FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

Your Back's Showing

Photograph Marie Earle

Massage as Much of Your Back as You Can Reach With a Good Lubricating Cream. Then Remove the Cream With a Skin Freshener Lotion.

By URSULA TROW

THIS summer's most delightful styles patriotically conserve dress goods. And so at the early fashion shows what do we see? Bare necks, shoulders, backs and arms for evening, afternoon and sports-wear. Aside from the practical features of these clothes, they look mighty fetching. If . . . you don't leave a line of demarcation between your facial make-up and the rest of what's showing.

It's make-up—the right kind—that transforms your neck and shoulders into creamy curves—instead of an unappealing, blotchy, lined, freckled, or pimply affair.

Cleanliness is part of all make-up, and for back cleanliness take a good, hard, long-handled scrubbing brush into your bubble bath with you and use it along the whole length of your back and across your shoulders. Scrubbing removes any dead skin and peps up the blood circulation.

Back Make-Up

A GOOD cold cream used when massaging your back leaves the skin flatteringly smooth. But be sure to remove every trace of cream before you dress, if you don't want grease marks on your clothes. A freshener lotion is good for this removal of cold cream, and it will give your skin a vibrant feeling and a lively tone. For a dainty finish to your back put on a non-greasy lotion or complexion make.

If you have blemishes that should be covered, use one of the many forms of cover-all make-up, either in liquid, cream or cake forms. Certain powder bases the non-greasy ones, do a similar job of covering up freckles and blotches.

Tan Evenly

Many women prefer their backs sun-tanned, and I agree, if the tanning is done carefully. There's certainly nothing lovely about a lobster red or skin-peeling back. Another precaution is to tan the back evenly. No white lines where shoulder straps kept the sun out! Sun lotions and oils should always be used to alleviate skin dryness and prevent heavy burning.

The important thing to remember is that with this summer's styles your back is as much in evidence as your face. It should, therefore, have the same careful attention.

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40-YEAR FAVORITE

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KEEP UP APPEARANCES

—by removing as many spots as you can yourself with Mufti. Handy for quick use on clothing, hats, gloves, upholstery and other articles of many kinds of material. A favorite for over 25 years.

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THE MULTI-USE SPOT REMOVER

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Squirt GIVES YOU GO!

Squirt gives you GO! It's really a treat. Millions say so! "Squirt can't be beat."

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BIGGEST SELLING GRAPEFRUIT DRINK IN THE WORLD

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with

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Good-tasting Scott's Emulsion contains *natural* A and D Vitamins often needed to help build stamina and resistance to colds and minor ills. Helps build strong bones and sound teeth, too! Give good-tasting Scott's daily, the year-round!

Recommended by Many Doctors

Let the Household Almanac in The American Weekly help you plan tempting new menus.

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DOCTOR'S FAST CORN RELIEF
Puts You Right Back On Your Feet

SENDS PAIN FLYING
Speedily Removes Corns!

Don't suffer needless torture from corns or sore toes! Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will give you quick relief. These thin, soothing, cushioning, protective pads instantly stop tormenting shoe friction; lift painful pressure; ease new or tight shoes; prevent corns, sore toes, blisters. Included with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are separate wonder-working *Medications* for speedily removing corns. No other method does all these things for you. This scientific fast relief costs but a trifle. At all Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores and Toilet Goods Counters.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

EVEN if you must Skimp on House Cleaning time...

Don't Skimp on Health Protection...

Make your Home CLOROX-CLEAN!

EVEN when your house cleaning time is limited there should be no slackening of the sanitary measures that are so important to greater health protection in the home. Keeping healthy is more necessary than ever during these critical times when there are fewer civilian doctors and when America's manpower must be kept on the job for Victory. It's easy to provide increased home healthprotection by making Clorox a standby in your daily cleansing routine.

WHY TAKE CHANCES!

"When it's CLOROX-CLEAN it's hygienically clean!"

In Kitchen Cleansing it's important to concentrate on making germ "danger zones" sanitary. The simple, efficient way to greater kitchen sanitation is to use Clorox in routine cleansing of refrigerators, sinks, drainboards, china and glassware; dishcloths and dish towels; floors, garbage containers.

In the Bathroom ordinary cleansing methods are not enough, for bathroom surfaces may look clean, yet be covered with invisible germ dangers. Here again, Clorox provides greater sanitationn the cleansing of tile, enamel, porcelain, linoleum and woodsurfaces.

Every Housewife enjoys the prestige of snowy-white cottons and linens. Clorox gently bleaches white cottons and linens (brightens fast colors), removes stains, even scorch, mildew... reduces rubbing, prolonging life of precious fabrics. And Clorox in laundering is an added safeguard to family health.

Clorox is ultra-refined, free from caustic, an exclusive, patented quality-feature. It is concentrated for economy and has the same full strength, same high quality standards today as always. Simply follow directions on the label which lists many important household and personal uses. There is only one Clorox ... always ask for it by name.

America's Favorite Bleach and Household Disinfectant!

CLOROX

FREE FROM CAUSTIC

Disinfects

DEODORIZES BLEACHES
REMOVES STAINS

BUY MORE BONDS

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DERBY
Barbecue Sauce adds mouth-watering sodness to low-point meatless dishes, stews, left-ers, sandwich illings. Adds a ew taste thrill to old standbys. Unrationed, osts very ittle.

BARBECUE NOODLES
8 oz. pkg. medium noodles; 1½ cups grated American cheese; 2 tbsps. butter, margarine or oil; ¼ cup Derby Barbecue Sauce.—Cook noodles in 2 qts. boiling water with 2 tsps. salt, for 15 min. Mix with other ingredients and season to taste. Serves 6.

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FIRST AID FOR CLEVER COOKS
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HOUSEHOLD ALMANAC

Salad Guest Suppers

Easy to Prepare Delicious to Eat. Fun to Serve.

By FLORENCE BROBECK
Women's Editor

HAVE a few friends in for supper, one of those evenings the boys from the PX, or school chums of your daughter or neighbors who have never taken a meal under your roof. The work-rushed days we are living in now tend to crowd out hospitality. But seeing old friends, making new ones, cheering up youngsters far from their homes, in a pleasant hour or two with simple but delicious food, are morale boosters. They belong in our way of life and need not be put off till the war is ended.

Easy Menus

A SALAD supper is easy to prepare and serve; to save work and add to the informality and fun it can be served buffet style. The pattern for such a meal is one hot dish, such as a creamed vegetable-and-meat combination in a casserole, crisply browned on top; a hearty salad; sandwiches or buttered rolls; a hot or cold beverage and dessert.

Here are salads made with non-rationed fresh fruits so plentiful at present, garden greens, and other no-point or low-point foods.

Guest Salad

2 alligator pears
Lemon juice
Salt
¾ cup sliced celery
⅓ cup sliced red radishes
½ cup cubed tomato
¼ cup shredded green sweet pepper
Ripe olives
Lemon wedges
Mayonnaise or French Dressing
Greens for garnish

Cut each alligator pear, or calavo, into halves crosswise and remove the seed. Cut a thin slice from the uncut sides so they stand level. Peel them and sprinkle inside and out with lemon juice and salt. Set each on a garnished, chilled salad plate. Combine the celery, radishes, tomato and green pepper and toss together lightly. Fill the calavo halves with the mixture. Garnish with ripe olives and lemon wedges. Serve salad dressing separately. This makes four salads.

Fruit Salad Platter

Oranges
Grapefruit
Alligator pears
Bananas
Strawberries or blueberries
Lemon juice
Salt
Salad greens
Salad dressing

Cut each alligator pear, or calavo, into halves lengthwise. Remove the seed, and cut the halves lengthwise through the center. Remove the skin. Sprinkle the fruit with lemon juice and salt.

Remove seeds and white pulp from orange and grapefruit sections. Have the berries washed and chilled and all fruits cold except the bananas. Prepare the bananas last, peeling and cutting lengthwise into quarters, or slicing crosswise.

Combine all the fruits, arrange on a cold salad plate garnished with lettuce or watercress. Serve the dressing separately.

Bologna Cornucopias

Have bologna cut in thin slices. Fold each slice to form a cornucopia, and fasten each with a wooden pick. Fill with any salad mixture, cabbage slaw or with cottage cheese seasoned with finely minced chives, or with paprika and Worcestershire sauce. Use these as garnish on mixed green salads, or on the cold meat platter.

Prune Rainbow Salad

16 to 24 cooked prunes
Nut meats
2 cups cubed watermelon
2 cups cubed cantaloupe
⅓ cup honey
⅓ cup lemon juice
Salad greens

Slit the prunes down one side and remove the pits. Refill the cavities with nuts. Combine the watermelon and cantaloupe cubes with the honey and lemon juice blended. Place in a chilled bowl, garnished with crisp salad greens which have been very lightly dressed with lemon juice and salt. Arrange the stuffed prunes on top. Serve very cold. Four to six salads.

Garden Salad

2 heads romaine
12 stalks watercress
4 to 6 young carrots
4 hard-cooked eggs
4 pickled or raw beets
Lemon Dressing

Wash the romaine carefully and cut each head lengthwise in halves. Lay each half on a chilled salad plate and sprinkle lightly with some of the salad dressing. Then add finely shredded raw carrot, the minced cress leaves, then the finely grated raw beets, or chopped pickled beets. Add the chopped hard-cooked eggs. Serve with a spoonful of dressing on each. Serves four.

Salami Salad

1 pound salami
2 to 3 cups diced celery
¾ cup sweet pickle, chopped
Mayonnaise

Have the salami sliced about one-fourth inch thick, then cut into small pieces. Mix with the celery and sweet pickle. Add Mayonnaise to moisten. Chill. Pile at the end of a cold meat platter.

Or garnish cold salad plates with crisp greens dressed lightly with French Dressing. Pile the salami salad on each. Serves four to six.

Lemon French Dressing

½ cup lemon juice
½ cup salad oil
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons sugar or honey

Mix and shake well before using. Makes about one cup.

Thousand Island Dressing

1 cup Mayonnaise
2 tablespoons chili sauce
1 tablespoon chopped onion
1 tablespoon chopped pepper
1 tablespoon salad oil
1 tablespoon vinegar
Salt, pepper
Paprika

Mix the ingredients smoothly and serve on salad. Makes about one and one-half cups.

ALMANAC CHARTS FOR EVERY HOUSEHOLD

WHY WONDER about how to utilize ALL the vegetables from your Victory Garden? There are Almanac Charts which show you how to serve them in many tasty ways and how to "put up" for future those you cannot eat now. Other charts to help plan menus.

Any or all of these charts are available for the price of a 3-cent stamp for each one ordered. They include:

"Stick-to-the-Ribs" Dishes
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11 Favorite Bread & Roll Recipes
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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY,
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TASTY TIPS FROM HOT DAN

Sizzling hot dogs **spread with plenty of French's—my, what a hit they make with everyone! French's Mustard adds just the right zesty, delicious flavor.**

Meat patties: **Spread chopped raw meat with French's before broiling. Steps up the flavor—grand for all wartime meat cuts.**

Corned beef hash: **Shape into patties and brown over low flame in 2 tbsp. melted fat mixed with 1½ tbsp. French's Mustard. Delicious!**

THE LARGEST SELLING PREPARED MUSTARD IN THE U.S.A.

"A watched pot boils not"
But you don't have to do any lurkin'
To find I'm hot and near to perkin'.
I whistle.

TRY RANGE-TEC
BY THE MAKERS OF GLASBAKE

McKEE GLASBAKE OVEN WARE

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Ration Recipes—free at your dealers
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KNOW YOUR ENEMY!

Learn this easy way to kill her quick... Spray with Flit! It's sudden death to every breed of mosquito. But more important, it wipes out Anopheles . . . the mosquito that carries dread malaria . . . the one mosquito that always lands *nose down.*

But don't let her land! For once she has taken a bite of blood from even one malaria victim . . . she may spread wracking chills and burning miseries throughout a whole community.

Arm yourself with Flit . . . and stop this vicious carrier of disease before she can reach *your* family. Spray Flit in dark corners, where she lurks. Spray it on stagnant water, where she breeds. Spray it on *all* mosquitoes in the air! Remember, Anopheles strikes when you least expect it. So don't delay. Get a big supply of Flit, *today!*

FLIT kills mosquitoes, ants, moths, flies, bedbugs and other household pests.

Be sure it's Flit! Ask for the yellow container with the black band!

Copr. 1944, Stanco Incorporated

Savory Sandwiches

THE flavor and appetite appeal of sandwiches depend as much on the bread as on the fillings. Both can be delicious, adding not only flavor contrast to the meal but food values which round out the menu and make it nourishing and satisfying.

For variety use whole wheat, cracked wheat, Boston brown, rye, pumpernickel, oatmeal and nut breads; enriched white bread toasted or plain; rolls, buns and biscuits; crackers and bakery products intended for the sandwich and appetizer tray.

Fillings

TRY the good ready-prepared sandwich spreads of many kinds on sale at your grocer's. Stock up with mustard, salad dressings, whips and other spreads and the spicy bottled sauces which add so much tangy flavor.

Or make your own sandwich fillings, using:

Peanut butter and chili sauce, equal parts; or peanut butter in any of the following combinations: raw carrot and mayonnaise; pickle relish; minced green pepper and mayonnaise; chopped crisp bacon.

Chopped ripe olives with raw carrots and mayonnaise; or with any of these combinations: celery, chopped nuts and mayonnaise; flaked cooked fish or chicken and boiled dressing; mustard and grated American cheese; left-over cooked, ground meat, chopped tongue and mayonnaise.

Garden Greens

REMEMBER the fresh vegetables in the garden. Thinly sliced cucumber seasoned with salt and black pepper, and laid between thin slices of buttered bread makes a delicious sandwich. Here are good watercress combinations:

Celery and Apple

½ cup celery, chopped fine
½ cup apple, diced (unpeeled)
¼ cup mayonnaise
¼ teaspoon salt
20 stalks watercress

Chop leaves and stems of the cress. Blend all ingredients smoothly. Spread on buttered bread, or on crackers. Makes four large sandwiches.

Carrot Watercress

1½ cups shredded carrots
¼ teaspoon grated onion
1 teaspoon salt
⅓ cup mayonnaise
20 stalks watercress

Combine all ingredients except the cress; chop it fine and mix with the others. Makes four large sandwiches.

Shrimp and Watercress

¾ cup cooked, cleaned shrimp
2 tablespoons chili sauce
¼ teaspoon salt
1/6 teaspoon mustard
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
1 tablespoon lemon juice
20 stalks watercress

Mince the cleaned, cooked shrimp fine; chop the watercress and combine all ingredients. Makes four large sandwiches; or twenty-four canapes.

Liverwurst and Olives

½ cup olives
½ cup liverwurst
1 cup ground boiled ham
Mayonnaise

Slice and mince the olives. Chop or grind the ham, and mix both with the liverwurst. Makes six full-size sandwiches.

Simple Sewing Patterns

PATTERN 3587—Toddlers' heat-waiver sunsuit. Sizes 2 to 8. Size 6, dress and bonnet require 2 yards 35-inch fabric; sunsuit, 1 yard 35-inch.

PATTERN 3692—Jiffy-made housefrock. Sizes 32 to 52. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 35-inch fabric.

PATTERN 3010—Combined embroidery and easy pineapple crochet on linens.

EACH PATTERN together with a needlework pattern of useful and decorative motifs for linens and garments, TWENTY CENTS. Write plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER. Send your order to the AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPARTMENT, 635 Sixth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

Due to customs restrictions Canadian orders cannot be filled.

MOTHERS

protect every minor cut with

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SULFA-thia-zole

HANDI-TAPE

You can't watch the kids *every* minute . . . even Dad gets careless now and then . . . and your kitchen's full of chances to get cut or burned. Don't let even the *tiniest* scratch go unprotected. Dangerous infection lurks in every untreated wound.

Not just one box in the medicine chest . . . but in the kitchen, laundry, garage . . . ready *instantly* to give you and yours the added protection of SULFATHIAZOLE for every minor cut, blister and abrasion. Get several inexpensive boxes of Curity SULFA-thia-zole HANDI-TAPE at almost any drugstore.

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HANDI-TAPE
Adhesive Bandage

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A POCKET MEMORY SYSTEM
Perforated Coupons—each memo separately—tear out when attended to. Refills available everywhere. Free leaflet sent $1.00 to $5.00
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ROBINSON REMINDERS
Ward Field, Mass.

"Smart pup, we know how to keep clothes pretty—we're onto

TWICE the Wear with Ivory Flakes care!"

"I'D BE IN THE DOGHOUSE with my husband if my clothes weren't bright and fresh for the few hours I get to see him," chuckles Army wife Mrs. Charles Woods, who hails from Newport, Kentucky. "Working, keeping house and dashing off week-ends to meet my soldier husband keeps me hopping! I'm too busy to shop around for new clothes. By the way, aren't you finding pretty clothes very expensive and scarce, too? Yes, indeedy! I'm so happy I'm wise to twice the wear with Ivory Flakes care."

"YOU JUST MUSTN'T TREAT THINGS ROUGHLY with the wrong kind of soap," Mrs. Woods advises. "Change to gentle care with pure, mild Ivory Flakes." Loads of wash-tests prove hard-to-replace dresses, undies, housecoats, sweaters, give as much as twice the wear with Ivory Flakes care. So give scads of *other* sudsables—stockings, girdles, blouses, bedspreads, the benefit of a dunking in the flake form of baby's mild Ivory.

"MAKE IVORY FLAKES LAST LONGER, TOO! That's what I do," says Mrs. Woods. "*Soaps use vital war materials* so measure Ivory Flakes in a cup or glass. Add carefully to *lukewarm water*. Don't waste a flake! See what a pile of velvety suds you'll get from swishing up even a small amount of Ivory Flakes!"

Wash tests prove the Ivory Flakes way helps keep "pretties" bright and gay!

Fights Greasy Dirt 3 WAYS!

FREES GRIT
Unlock that gritty surface film that clouds the brightness of your pots and pans! Sunbrite's fine-grained abrasive gently removes dirt from the surface ...leaves it gleaming, spotless.

CUTS GREASE
Sunbrite's efficient grease-cutting agent makes short work of oily grease easily, safely ...without stinging your hands or wearing out precious aluminum.

ROUTS GERMS
Out they go, along with the grease and grit...floated out by the fine emulsifying soap base in Sunbrite. Sunbrite purifies as it cleans!

Team up with Sunbrite in your War on Waste! It saves soap. And Sunbrite care means longer wear.
ASK FOR SUNBRITE, SWIFT'S SAFE, SPEEDY CLEANSER
Susie S. says: "Dirt erased helps War on Waste." Submitted by Barbara Hotchkiss, Flushing, L.I., on the back of a Sunbrite Label. She earns $1 in war stamps.

FEET "KILLING" YOU?
HERE'S REAL RELIEF!
When feet are tired and burn, bathe in Cuticura Soap suds. Massage with Cuticura Ointment. Then, use Cuticura Talcum. They're mildly medicated! For FREE Ointment sample, write to Cuticura, Dept. A-40, Malden, Mass.
CUTICURA SOAP, TALCUM OINTMENT

Polish and Shine

By ELEANOR MERRITT

METALS have never been so precious as today. The utensils and equipment in our homes deserve special care not only to keep them shining clean but because properly taken care of pots and pans, roasters and kettles will last much longer.

Fine, tested cleansers, especially created for our kitchen metals, are on sale everywhere in the country. They are in cake form, powder, liquid, cream, or paste, and there are varieties of steel wool now coming into the market again after being absent due to war needs.

Select the cleansers you need. Choose the ones with well established names because this means they have been long in the service of home economists and homemakers and that they are safe and trustworthy. Follow the manufacturers' directions for use. And remember that the kindest act you can perform for any metal is to keep it clean.

Careful Washing

AFTER use, wash it at once in hot soap suds, rinse it, wipe it with a clean cloth completely dry.

If you are cleaning and brightening it with a cleanser or polish, wash the utensil carefully afterwards, and rinse and dry it, making sure that all traces of both polish and soap are out of it. Cooking utensils should be surgically clean for health's sake, and so that you can bring out the best flavors as well as the vitamin potentialities of what is being cooked.

Aluminum

ALUMINUM utensils will have their satiny finish after long use if you give them just a little daily care. Do not let food stand in aluminum; if something has been allowed to burn in an aluminum pan, don't soak it for hours; this metal doesn't seem to like such treatment because it sometimes develops pits on its surface and discolors. Use a gentle scouring powder or cleanser and loosen such burned food; then boil in the pan water containing two tablespoons of cream of tartar (to one quart of water) for five minutes. Rinse the pan, rub again with the fine scouring powder, rinse, and wipe it dry. But such methods are unnecessary if the pans are washed immediately after use, with hot soap suds, rinsed clean and then dried.

Chromium Trim

CHROMIUM plate is comparatively soft and this means it should not be scoured and polished with a coarse abrasive. Use only the most "scratchless" ones. Keep it clean by wiping it off frequently with a soapy cloth, then with a clean, damp cloth, and then with a dry one.

Tin Ware

TIN pie pans and other kitchen wares can be kept clean and shining if washed with hot soapy water, rinsed and dried after each use. Dark stains from burned-in food come off if water is boiled in the utensil, a little soda added to it, and only about three minutes boiling allowed. Then hot water for rinsing, or a second washing in soap suds, followed by the rinse, if necessary. Dry it carefully.

Longer boiling with a soda solution, or scouring with a coarse abrasive of any kind, might remove the surface of the tin and open it to rapidly-forming rust.

Nickel Finish

NICKEL-plated utensils are in use in many kitchens and nickel-trimmed equipment. This metal can be kept bright with frequent washing with hot soapy water and then rubbed with a dry cloth to bring out the shine. Heavy scouring will tend to remove the finish, especially on plumbing fixtures, or the trim around the range or other appliances. Good grade metal polishes intended for nickel also will restore brightness on this metal.

Copper

THE beautiful color and glow of copper make a welcome addition to many kitchens and dining rooms. But such utensils need special care to keep them shining bright. Follow the manufacturers' instructions for washing or polishing such pieces; or if you have old copper use a polish intended for this metal; or use hot soap suds, rinse in clear water and use hot vinegar and salt for spots and stains. Wash the utensil again and rinse it after such cleaning. The nickel and other metal linings in copper ware must not be allowed to become thin; such pieces should be relined or plated when necessary; the copper should not come in contact with the food.

Iron Pots

IRON pots, kettles, skillets, griddles and other pieces should not be allowed to rust. Wash thoroughly in hot soap suds after each use, rinse and dry carefully. Remove any rust at once.

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ONLY 10¢—15¢ FOR THE LARGE SIZE

With Tintex you needn't pay any more than 10¢ or 15¢ to get a dye in a SINGLE box that dyes ALL fabrics! So easy, so quick, so perfect! Imagine—a *single* box that dyes *every* fabric without exception —yet costs only 10¢ (15¢ for the large size). The *same* Gray Box bought by millions for years! Over 50 colors! At drug, dept. and 10¢ stores. *Insist on Tintex!* It's America's *best* value, *best* quality dye!
GUARANTEED by PARK & TILFORD to dye *ALL* fabrics including Celanese, Nylon and Mixtures

Tintex
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"BESIDES KEEPING A CAR SHINING ALL THE TIME, SIMONIZ PRESERVES THE FINISH!"

Drive a Car You Can Be Proud of... SIMONIZ NOW!

Driving a dull car is embarrassing. Yes, and it's so unnecessary, too! You'll find it easy with Simoniz Kleener to make your car sparkle like new again. Then protect the finish with Simoniz to make it stay beautiful and last longer. The sooner you Simoniz your car the more it will be worth when victory comes. So do it right away!

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS

MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ HOUSEWIVES DO LIKEWISE

Now Simoniz and the Simoniz Kleeners are sold by your grocer as well as by hardware, department, paint, drug, auto accessory stores, service stations and garages.

PASSPORT ENOUGH

EVERY man aboard the Flying Fort was tense but confident. Vic, the turret gunner, thought: "Whatever happens now, the worst is over. Stuttgart left in flames... the English countryside below. If it weren't for those sputtering motors..."

The alarm cut his thoughts like a knife. "Abandon ship!" Vic gulped, forced a smile and made his jump.

A moment of eternity... then a sharp jerk and he could breathe again. That field down there... he was going to be all right. The impact of landing left him dazed, and what the devil was all this?

English farmers, alert to Nazi tricks, came at him with pitchforks and demanded his identification.

Vic could find no official paper in his pockets ... not a line to prove who he was. While he felt for his dog tag, the farmers grimly closed in.

Then Vic felt a bulge in his tunic. His Chesterfields! "Look!" he said "American cigarettes!"

To those English farmers — as to civilized folk everywhere — Chesterfield's famous white pack was the passport to friendly understanding.

The famous white Chesterfield pack is your passport to friendly understanding wherever smoking is enjoyed. The world over Chesterfield is recognized as the Milder, Better-Tasting cigarette... *the cigarette that SATISFIES.*

The blend is the thing that makes the difference... Chesterfield's RIGHT COMBINATION ... WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS.

ASK FOR Chesterfield *They Satisfy*

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